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VOLUME LXII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1894. NUMBER 12.

Poetry.

IN SWIMMING-TIME.

Clouds above as white as wool,
Drifting over skies as blue
As the eyes of beautiful
Children when they smile at you;
Groves of maple, elm and beech,
With the sunshine sifted through
Branches, mingling each with each,
Dim with shade and bright with dew.

Stripling trees, and poplars hoar,
Hickory and sycamore,
And the drowsy dogwood, bowed
Where the ripples laugh aloud,
And the crowning creek is stirred
To a gayety that now
Mates the warble of the bird
Teetering on the hazel bough.

Grasses long and fine and fair
As your schoolboy sweetheart's hair
Backward stroked and twirled and twined
By the fingers of the wind;
Vines and mosses interlinked,
Down dark aisles and deep ravines,
Where the stream runs, willow-brinked,
Round a bend where some one leans,
Faint, and vague, and indistinct
As the light-reflected thing
In the current shimmering.

Childish voices farther on,
Where the truant stream has gone,
Vex the echoes of the wood
Till no word is understood,
Save that we are well aware
Happiness is hiding there:
There, in leafy coverts, nude
Little bodies poise and leap,
Shattering the solitude
And the silence, everywhere—
Mimic monsters of the deep!
Wallowing in sandy shoals,
Plunging headlong out of sight,
And, with spurtings of delight,
Clinching hands, and slippery soles,
Clambing up the treacherous steep,
Over which the spring-board spurns
Each again as he returns.

Ah! the glorious carnival!
Purple lips—and chattering teeth,
Eyes that burn—but, in beneath,
Every care beyond recall,
Every task forgotten quite,
And again in dreams at night,
Dropping, drifting through it all!
—James Whitcomb Riley.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

I should like to have your dimples,
Your wonderment, your nonsense.

Your grave hands and your tripping feet,
Your carelessness, your conscience,

I should like to know the secrets
You are talking with your brother

Between the mazes of the dance,
As your eyes meet one another.

Little maid, all eyes, and such eyes!
Half lightning and half laughter,

Sugar things I should like to eat,
And never hunger, after;

Tell me, little maid, do you believe
That if you looked and looked,

And turned into a tipsy cake,
The best that could be cooked.

Do you think that if I swallowed you
And incontinently died,

That the judge would call it murder
Or only suicide?

Because I've drunk your beauty in;
But you don't know what means

Any more than beans, which pony loves,
Can know that they are beans.

Good-night, dear, dainty, tipsy-cake,
I'm but a selfish jade.

Just winnying to himself about
The dinner he has made.

And I may not, may not keep you
For my sweetmeat to enjoy.

God has planned you for a helpmeet
For some happy, happy boy.
—London Spectator.

I LOVED YOU, ONCE—

And did you think my heart
Could keep its love unchanging,
Fresh as the buds that start
In spring, nor know estranging?
Listen! the buds depart:
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.

'Tis not the early love;
With day and night it alters,
And onward still must move,
Like earth, that never falters
For storm or star above.
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.

With gifts in those glad days,
How eagerly I sought you!
Youth, shining hope, and praise;
These were the gifts I brought you.
In this world little stays:
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.

A child with glorious eyes
Here in our arms half sleeping—
So passion wakeful lies,
Then grows to manhood, keeping
Its wistful young surprise:
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.

When age's pinching air
Strips summer's rich possession,
And leaves the branches bare,
My secret in confession
Still I thus with you I'll share:
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.
—G. P. Lathrop.

Miscellany.

MONKEYING WITH NATURE.

Man With the Ginger Beard Draws a Moral From a Windmill.

An agent from the city was trying to sell the grocer a new self-winding clock, says the Indianapolis Journal. There was a small storage battery connected with it, and it was intended that the battery should be kept in operation by means of a small windmill placed on the roof of the house. The agent had about persuaded the grocer to buy, when the man with the ginger beard ,who had been watching the transaction with the deep interest that comes so natural for a man with plenty of spare time on his hands chipped in.

"Sometimes it pays to monkey with nature and let her have the job of doin' all your work while you are loafin' around the county court house ten mile away, and sometimes it don't," said he. "I knowed a feller out in Kansas'at had one of them windmill contraptions that was the ruin of him."

"There never was one of these clocks sold in Kansas at all," said the agent, with some wrath.

"This here wasn't a clock," said the man with the ginger beard, "an' I defy any man in the crowd to prove I said anything about clocks. I just said a windmill contraption. This here was a pump. You see this here feller was a sort of market gardener, an' as it is dry in Kansas, as fur as the weather is concerned, he 'lowed to rig up a pump arrangement that would water his garden. So he fixed up a wind pump, but that wasn't enough. He next goes to work and makes a kind of swivel arrangement that would keep the hose movin' back and forth and up and around till the whole patch was sprinkled. Did all the work itself, you see. That left him free to go down to the grocery and talk about Mrs. Lease all he wanted to—or all he dast to, at least. Well, he goes away one mornin', happy as a clam, and comes back at night to find his garden all ruint. Now, what do you suppose had did it?"

"Hogs got in," ventured the clock agent.

"Hawgs? You make me sick! Hawgs, nothin'. One of them playful breezes that Kansas sometimes gits up had come along and had worked that there windmill pump so dern fast that the water was made bilin' hot by the friction, and his whole patch of truck had been scalded to death."

"That was pretty tough," said the agent.

"Oh! I don't know," answered the man with the ginger beard. "As soon as he got broke he went into politics, and now he is gittin' a good livin' at the expense of the state. Ef it hadn't been for that accident he might be still havin' to work for a livin'."

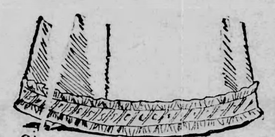
First Electric Machine.

The first electric machine, a globe of sulphur, was made by Guericke, in 1647.

SKIRT GARNITURE.

How to Make Over Old Dresses by Piecing and Turning.

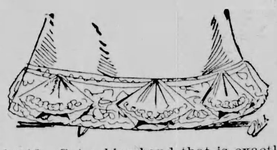
In making over old dresses, particularly if the material has to be washed or dyed, one of the most annoying features of the work is found in the "pulling" or drawing up of the breadths, so that they must be pieced at either the top or the bottom if they are to do service for a grown person



again. When long basques were worn the piecing could be done at the top, but now that the waists are round, the discrepancy must fall at the foot. It is a very easy matter to cover this up, however. If the material of which the dress is made is scarce, piece the widths with something else so it is of the same color, then cut novelty goods, plaid material or velvet on the

bias, edge it top and bottom with a narrow plaiting—it should not be over a quarter of an inch wide, and lay over the piecing. If you like you can give touches of the same material to other parts of the dress. Three bands of such trimming will help to brighten up a dress wonderfully.

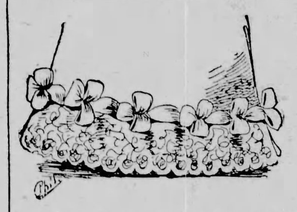
If you have any of the old-fashioned braid passementerie, get velvet several shades darker or lighter than the



braid. Cut a bias band that is exactly the width of the braid trimming and applique it on the velvet. It makes a rich skirt garniture.

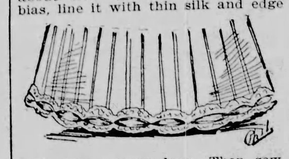
For a light cashmere or challie dress that has been soiled around the foot, yet is fresh enough elsewhere, take off the soiled foot ruffle and wash it; get enough of some of the cheap pretty laces to make a full ruffle. Head this ruffle with a band of insertion laid over bright ribbon and catch the lace up in fan-shaped fashion over it.

A pretty foot trimming for an India



silk, white mull, nun's veiling or other light materials is a point d'Ireland lace flounce with a heading of ribbon caught at regular intervals with bows of the same.

For a dress of heavy material like velvet or cloth, take a piece of velvet about four inches wide, cut on the bias, line it with thin silk and edge it



with very narrow lace. Then sew it to the skirt, catching it at intervals of three or four inches with a bit of the velvet. Heavy silk also makes pretty garniture, but the material should be moderately thick and heavy to hold its shape, as the set of such trimming depends largely upon its adjustment, and no trimming looks well that has to be anchored every half-inch.

Hadn't Missed His Car.

The wind was blowing a gale and the rain was pattering against the window panes at the home of a prominent Camden physician, says the Philadelphia Press. The clock had just tolled the hour past midnight, when the physician was aroused by the ringing of his door-bell. He jumped out of bed, put on his dressing-gown, went to the window, raised the sash, and saw a man muffled to the ears standing on his front step. He asked:

"What do you want at this late hour?"

"I'm Mr. Carr," was the answer.

"Well, go home. I am not responsible if you did miss a car. Why did you stay out so late?"

The window went down with a bang and the doctor went back to bed.

The bell rang again, the doctor put his head out of the window and saw the same man on the step.

"Doctor, doctor! I'm Mr. Carr."

"Well if you did miss your car, what have I got to do with it?"

"Carr, doctor; Carr. Don't you understand?"

"What do you take me for—a conductor?"

"No, no, doctor. Mrs. Carr, my wife, your patient, is very ill and requires your services."

"Oh, that's you, Carr, is it? Wait a minute and I'll be with you."

A Distinguished Convert.

The Salvation Army rejoices in a new recruit. He is no less a personage than Prince Galitzin, of the royal house of Russia. Capt. Patty Watkins claims the credit for this conversion. The Prince was on an expedition to this country from the Russian court. His sudden conversion has led him to abandon his research and his plans of travel and connect himself with the Salvation Army lads and lassies.

The Steam Pipe, He Meant.

Mrs. Fourthfloor—Horace, I do believe those people down stairs smoke opium.

Mr. Fourthfloor—Nonsense! Where did you get that idea?

Mrs. Fourthfloor—Well, I heard the man who lives underneath them tell them that if they wanted to attract his attention they could hit the pipe two or three times, and he would come right up.—Truth.

Rivals Marco Polo.

First Jeweler—Is your new man, Valise a good traveler?

Second Jeweler—Oh, yes, a very good traveler, indeed. He's been with me two weeks, and he's used up a mileage book already.—Jewelers' Circular.

One Way.

"Papa," said Mrs. Hawkins, "I've forgotten Thompson's address, and I don't know how to get at him."

"Why don't you write and ask him to send it to you," suggested Hawkins.—Harper's Bazar.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

The man who falls in love with a woman for her voice, may have to stop his ears against it afterward.—Truth.

WANTED TO SEE HIM POP.

A Child's Curiosity Spoils Her Big Sister's Well-Laid Plans.

The last of the sunset glow was fading from the Western horizon, and the stars had begun to shine out clear and bright on the darkening September sky. On a corner of the boarding-house piazza, in the light which shone from the door, a slender young girl with dark eyes, wavy brown hair, and wearing a gracefully draped white gown, sat in the shadow, says the Chicago News. The glow of the cigarette showed that a Summer young man occupied a chair slightly in the rear of her.

Their conversation was intermittent, and carried on in low tones.

"Yes, I'm glad we're such good friends, Mr. Van de Horn, because I—because we're so congenial—and, to be frank, because I like you." The girl turned her head and smiled at her companion, giving a pretty emphasis to the last sentence.

"But, say, maybe you don't like this smoke—I'll fire it." The cigarette went whirling out upon the lawn.

"Oh, I wouldn't have had you do that on my account for anything, Mr. Van de Horn. And then you are so fond of them.

"Perhaps I ought to have fired it before, but I didn't think; but, say, what a pretty ring that is," taking the hand which rested on the chair arm.

"Did you know we were thinking of going away to-morrow?" said the girl, pensively, without noticing the remark as to the ring.

"No, you don't mean it? Tell us all about it," said the young man, still holding the hand.

"There's nothing to tell, except how lonesome I'll be, and"—

A little sigh was all that remained of the sentence. There was silence for several moments, broken only by the scraping sound when Mr. Van de Horn's chair was moved along a little.

"I wish you wouldn't, Mr. Van de Horn; I feel sad to-night, and you really know you shouldn't do that."

"But, my dear Miss Landis, I am merely comforting you."

"No—there, there! I shall have to go into the house. No one but—that is no one—can give that sort of consolation to me. I didn't think you would pride. I thought you would appreciate friendship."

The young lady had started to rise from her chair, and the young man, as he dropped on one knee, still holding the hand between his own, did not see the sign which made her stop.

"You mistake me—you really do. It is more than friendship I offer you"—

But he got no further. In the light which streamed from the doorway stood a little white-robed figure, and at the pause a small voice piped:

"Sister May, is he doin' to pop? Tell me, 'cause I want to see it."

"Child, what are you doing down here at this time of night?" said the young lady, glaring and rigid.

"Want to see you make him pop," said the tot, in a rather frightened tone of voice.

"What are you talking about? Go upstairs this minute back to bed."

"I didn't do nuffin'," came in tearful sobs. "I heard mamma say if anybody could make a man pop you could, and I never saw nuffin' pop but a cork and a stick, and I jest only wanted to see Mr. Horn pop."

PRETTY FACES BEHIND VEILS.

Moorish Women Sometimes Let These Screens Fall.

Writing upon Moorish women, Richard Harding Davis says: "There is something continually interesting in the muffled figures of the women. They make you almost ashamed of the uncovered faces of the American women in the town; and in the lack of any evidence to the contrary, you begin to believe every Moorish girl you meet is as beautiful as her eyes would make it appear that she is.

"Those of the girls whose faces I saw were distinctly handsome; they were the women Benjamin Constant paints in his pictures of Algiers, and about whom Pierre Loti goes into ecstacies in his book on Tangiers.

"The robe or cloak, or whatever the thing is they affect, covers the head like a hood, and with one hand they held one of the folds in front of the face as high as their eyes. The only times I ever saw the faces of any of them was when I occasionally chaded Mahamed, and ran off with a little guide called Isaac, the especial protector of two American women, who formed him out to me when they preferred to stay in the hotel.

"He is a particularly beautiful youth, and I noticed that whenever he was with me that the cloaks of the women had a fashion of coming undone, and they would lower them for an instant, and look at Isaac, and then replace them severely upon the bridge of the nose. Then Isaac would turn towards them with a shy, conscious smile, and then blush violently. Isaac says the young men of Tangiers can tell whether a young girl is pretty or not by looking at her feet. It is true that their feet are bare, but it struck me as a somewhat reckless test for selecting a bride."

WHAT MONTH IS YOURS?

See Whether It Tells Your Disposition Aright.

An old astrological prediction gives the character of a girl according to the month she was born in, as follows:

If a girl is born in January she will be a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good tempered and fond of fine clothes; if in February, an affectionate wife and tender mother and devoted to dress; if in March, a frivolous chatterbox, somewhat given to quarreling and a connoisseur in gowns and bonnets; if in April, inconstant, not very intelligent, but likely to be good looking and studious of fashion plates; if in May, handsome, amiable and given to style in dress; if in June, impetuous, will marry early, be frivolous, and like dressy clothes; if in July, possibly hadsome, but with a sulky temper and a penchant for gay attire; if in August, amiable and practical, likely to marry rich and dress strikingly; if in September, discreet, affable, much liked and a fashionable dresser; if in October, pretty, coquettish and devoted to attractive garniture; if in November, liberal, kind, of a mild disposition and an admirer of stylish dress; if in December, well proportioned, fond of novelty, extravagant and a student of dressy effects.—Harrison's Monthly.

YELLOW DAISIES TO PAINT.

The petals of these daisies should be painted a bright yellow, shaded, where

they join the centers, with burnt sienna (red brown).

The centers of the flowers are of burnt sienna, shaded with dark brown.

The leaves and stems are green.

A Terrible Shock.

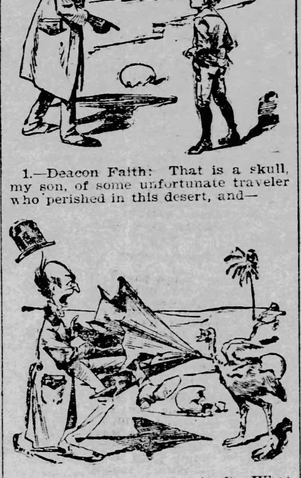
"You wouldn't wear that primrose so lightly if you knew what it was," said the professor to Chappie.

"What is it?" asked Chappie.

"Why, in reality it is a corollaceous dicotyledonous exogen," said the professor, whereupon Chappie went home and would have had brain fever if he had had anything to have it with.—Harper's.

A LESSON IN PHILOSOPHY.

1.—Deacon Faith: That is a skull, my son, of some unfortunate traveler who perished in this desert, and—



Young Ostrich (just arrived): What did you say?

THE LUNCHEON.

An American Function Which Should Not be Overdone.

A ladies' luncheon is peculiarly an American function, says Harper's Bazar. Breakfast parties are given abroad, but we have instituted the lunch. It is said that in the far West any meal which is served at an odd time is called lunch, but the ordinary hour for this repast is 1 o'clock p. m. Among one's numerous acquaintances there may be charming women whom one wishes to see at one's table, but whose husbands one may not care to entertain. To a luncheon these ladies can be invited, and it is a convenient and pleasant way to pay social debts.

The midday meal should not be elaborate, but it should be substantial, as many persons follow the continental custom of simply taking a cup of coffee for their early breakfast. In this, as in many other respects, we are apt to run into extremes, and the lunch becomes so elaborate a meal that it is hard to distinguish between it and dinner. Course after course is served, beginning with oysters and ending with black coffee, several wines, including champagne, are offered, the table is elaborately decorated with flowers, and favors, sometimes of great expense, are given to the guests. A luncheon was given only a day or two since which cost $25 a plate without the wine. This is all wrong as a matter of taste. No one enjoys a long menu at that hour of the day, the various wines upset one's digestion, and the entire scheme is an offense to nature.

The luncheon should consist of four courses at the outside; but such a spirit of emulation exists in the mind of the housewife that because Mrs. A. had four courses at her lunch on Monday Mrs. B. must have six at hers on Friday. One rises from the table unrefreshed and tired, instead of having enjoyed the hour or two spent with congenial friends.

THE REASON WHY.

Rev. Much Talk: My son, why is it I see you in this beastly state of intoxication.

Mr. Soqes: Dunno—'lesh it's caush—hick! yer ain't blind.

Trying to Avoid a Snowball.

"Some winters ago when the snow was very deep I came upon a Swedish boy. He was making up a snowball for my edification.

"'Put it down,' said I.

"'What for?' he demanded. 'I suppose there is no law to prevent a boy carrying a bit of snow about if he likes.'

"There was a merry twinkle in the boy's eye, and I knew it would be disastrous to turn my back.

"'Mark me well, sir,' said I, wrathfully; 'I will call upon your father.'

"'Father died when I was a baby,' was the reply.

"'Well, then, your mother will do just as well.'

"'Mother died just a year after my father. I live with my uncle and aunt.'

"'Where do they live?'

"'They live with me,' responded the boy as he kneaded the snowball harder.

"Tibs was a clincher, and I turned sadly away to receive the missile in the nape of my neck, and to hear a wild whoop of triumph as my persecutor disappeared down a dark alley."—Frank Harrison's Family Magazine.

A Difficult Job.

Algy—Here's a fellah, ye know, traveled fwom New York to San Francisco on a wager an didn't spend a cent.

Clarence—That's nothing, ye know. When I started for Europe lawsd year I didn't have a dollar in cash in me clothes, but I was gone four months and had a howwibly nice time.

Algy—How did you do it?

Clarence—Had a letter of cwedit, ye know. Haw! That's a bottle on you, Algy.—Judge.

The Astute Ticket Man.

Citizen (hurriedly—"Ticket and a half for Podunk."

Ticket Agent (snappishly)—"Do you want the half ticket for that big girl by your side?"

Citizen—"The whole ticket is for her, but she insisted on paying fare for her favorite doll; so to humor her I want the half ticket also."

Ticket Agent—"Um—er—how old is the doll?"—Good News.

A New Lenten Joke.

The Editor—"Your jokes are pretty thin lately; there isn't any meat in them at all."

The Humorist—"This is Lent, you know, and we are not supposed to use meat as freely as at other times."

The E.—"H'm! Then I think you'd better give us some fish stories."—New York Press.

Mamma's Wisdom.

Aunty (shocked)—"Do you and your sister quarrel over your candy this way when at home?"

Little Johnny—"No'm. Mamma always gives us so much we both has plenty."—Good News.

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THE LONE INN

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "THE MYSTERY OF A HANSOM CAB" "MADAME MIDAS" "THE FEVER OF LIFE," "THE RED STAR," &c., &c.

CHAPTER II.

THE SEQUEL TO THE ADVENTURE AT THE INN.

It was close on ten o'clock when I awoke next morning. My long tramp of the previous day had tired me more than I thought. Nevertheless I was annoyed at oversleeping myself, and astonished that Francis had not called me earlier. I knew how anxious he was about the proposed meeting with his brother, and fancied that his impatience would have drawn him to my room at dawn. Apparently he was less curious concerning the interview than I thought. Yet leaving him out of the question, I ought certainly to have been aroused by Strent or his daughter, and determined to reprove them for such neglect. After all, an Inn is an inn, and one has a right to attentions for which one pays. Judging from the landlord's looks I did not think my bill would err on the side of cheapness.

These thoughts passed through my mind as I hastily dressed myself. Opening the window I looked out on the marshes golden in the sunshine. A keen wind was blowing from the sea, and the smell of brine struck into the heavy atmosphere of my bedroom. An absolute stillness prevailed both inside and out. I felt as though I had awakened in the spell-bound palace of the sleeping beauty. An inn of all places should be full of bustle and noise, but there was something uncanny in the silence which reigned in this marsh-locked hostel. It hinted trouble, and I felt uneasy.

In no very good temper I descended to the dining-room, with the intention of apologizing to Francis for my tardy appearance, and of rating the landlord for his negligence. To my astonishment, neither Francis nor anyone else was to be seen, and the room was in precisely the same condition as on the previous night. The fire was unlighted, the table not set out for breakfast, even the window blinds were down. For the moment I was sick with apprehension, as it was impossible to conjecture the reason of this neglect and absence of human life. The stillness was as absolute as had prevailed upstairs, and when I rang the bell it echoed through the house as though mocking my efforts to summon landlord, maid or friend.

Twice, thrice I pulled the bell-rope without result, then somewhat unnerved by the silence in which I found myself, went to the back part of the premises. Here the condition of things was the same as in the dining-room. The kitchen was empty, nor were there any signs of fire or of food. I explored the whole of the ground floor and found nobody. The conclusion forced itself upon me that Strent and his daughter had left the inn during the night.

What was the meaning of this sudden flight? What reason could be sufficiently powerful to force them to vacate the premises? Asking myself these questions I entered room after room, but in none of them did I find any answer. The front door was bolted and barred, the back entrance was in the same condition, and there was no key in either lock. I considered the features of the case, and saw that the air was full of mystery perhaps of—but no, in that lonely house I could not bring myself to utter the terrible word.

I knew not what had happened during my sleep, but felt certain that some event had taken place. Otherwise there could be no reason for this state of things. Almost against my will I searched the house again, but could discover neither Strent, nor his daughter Rose. I was alone in the house! But Francis—

"Francis!" said I, repeating my thoughts aloud, "save Francis. I wonder if he has left the inn also, or whether he has overslept himself, and is still in his room."

To make sure I went upstairs to his bedroom. Pray observe that all this time I had not connected these things with crime. It is true I had a faint suspicion that there might possibly be some foul play, but as there was nothing to confirm such a belief I abandoned the idea. I declare that when I knocked at the door of Briarfield's room I had no more idea of the horrid truth than a babe unborn. My premonitions pointed to mystery, but not to murder. Yet from the conversation of the previous night I might have guessed what had happened. The house was accursed as the palace of the Artidae and Ate bided on the threshold stone.

Not until I had thrice knocked without receiving any answer, did my suspicions begin to form. Then they took shape in an instant. I tried the door. It was locked. The ominous silence still hinted at unspeakable horrors. My knocking echoed jarringly through the stillness. At that moment there flashed before my eyes the picture of two figures flying across a red horizon against which blackened the beams of a gallows. It was the shadow of the future. I knocked. I called his name and finally in desperation at the continued silence set my shoulder against the crazy door. It yielded with a tearing sound and I entered the room amid a cloud of fine dust.

He was lying on the bed stiff and cold. I had no need to call, to touch his shoulder to place my hand on his heart. He was dead! With the clothes drawn up smoothly to his chin lay the man with whom I had conversed the previous night. The right arm lay outside the counterpane. On the hand glistened a pearl ring. I looked at that bauble, I glanced at the waxen face. The matter was beyond all doubt. Francis Briarfield was dead.

Before I could further examine the body or the room I was forced to run for my brandy flask. For the moment I was deadly sick and it needed a long draught of the fiery spirit to speed the stagnating blood through my veins. The strange circumstance was a sufficient apology for such qualmishness. This lonely inn set on a hand breadth of living ground amid quaking bogs, this dead body of what had once been a friend, this solitude

"HE WAS LYING ON THE BED, STIFF AND COLD."

by which I found myself environed, these were sufficient to shake the strongest nerve. It looks in a manner, prosaic on black and white, but think of the horror of the actual experience.

For the moment I could formulate no ideas on the subject. That my friend should be dead, was sufficient to stun me. When reason came back I asked myself how he died and who was responsible for the crime. The landlord, the maid, the brother, one of these three had murdered Francis Brairfield. But in what way?

I examined the body. It was clothed in a night-gown and the clothes lay folded upon the chair by the bedside. The face was calm, there were no marks of violence on the throat or on the frame. Only on the violet lips lingered a slight curl of foam. The smooth bedclothes drawn up to the chin forbade the idea of a struggle. I looked at the right arm lying on the counterpane, at the hand and there in the palm was a ragged wound from thumb to little finger. It was discolored at the edges, and looked green and unwholesome. This livid appearance made me think of poison, but I was not sufficiently a doctor to diagnose the case correctly. Yet I was certain of one thing. That Francis Briarfield had come by his death in some foul fashion, and that at the hands of—whom?

Aye! there was the rub. So far as I knew the landlord had no motive to commit such a crime. Suspicions pointed towards the maid, who had wished to speak to the dead man after supper. Yet why should she desire his death. From the lips of Francis himself I had heard that he knew neither Strent nor Rose, nor indeed aught of the Fen Inn. Hither he had been brought by his brother's letter to keep an appointment, and was as ignorant as I.

Could Felix have committed the crime. True, if my theory were correct, and he had passed himself off to Olivia Bellin as Francis, there was some grounds for believing he wished his brother out of the way. Francis would undoubtedly refuse to permit the deception to be carried on, so it was just possible that Felix, in a frenzy of wrath and terror at the idea of his treachery being exposed, might have slain his brother. Yet all this fine theory was upset by the fact that Felix had not arrived on the previous night to keep the appointment. He therefore must be guiltless.

If so what of the landlord and his daughter. Certainly they had no reason to slay a stranger who had sheltered under their roof for the night. Yet their flight looked suspicious. If they were innocent why did they leave the inn?

Another question pregnant with meaning was the reason of their being alone in the inn. I had seen no servants neither indoors nor out. Father and daughter appeared to do all the work, yet it was beyond all reason that they should have no assistance. Where was the cook, the waiter, the osler, the chambermaid? The house was a large one. Two people with all the will in the world could not thoroughly attend to all the domestic economy of so great a mansion. Moreover, the girl had looked unused to work. That in itself was suspicious.

"Can it be," I thought, "Can it be that these two hired this inn to compass the death of Francis Briarfield, and that he was drawn here as into a snare by his brother's letter. On the face of it it looked absurd, and yet is what other way can I explain the absence of servants, the mildewed aspect of the rooms. Now Francis is dead, and they without a word to me have departed."

I could not solve the mystery. Far from doing so the more I thought, the more I examined the surroundings, the deeper grew the mystery. The door had been locked and I could find no key. The window also was locked, and even had it not been, no one could have entered thereby, so considerable was the height from the ground. How then had the assassin gained admittance. Yet sure was I that Briarfield had been murdered, but by whom it was hard to say, nay impossible.

I did indeed think that he had committed suicide, but this was too wild an idea to entertain even for a moment. When I parted from him on the previous night he was in the best of health, looking forward to meeting Miss Bellin, and was passably content with life. There was no hint of self-destruction either in speech or action. The thought that his brother had deceived him would not have engendered such an idea. Rather was he determined to unmask the traitor, and regain his promised wife by force. Murder it might be, suicide was out of the question.

Thus far I thrashed out the matter, yet arrived at no logical conclusion. As there seemed no sign of landlord and maid, it behooved me to consider what I should do. According to Francis his brother was due at the meeting place that morning, so I deemed it advisable to wait until he arrived, and then explain the circumstances to him. If he was in league with Strent to murder his brother he would hardly be able to disguise his joy at hearing the success of his plot. I therefore determined to watch his face during the interview, and if I saw therein any signs of guilt, to there and then in that lonely inn accuse him as a second Cain. By thus terrorizing his soul with such accusation and with the sight of his victim I might force him into confession.

If he were guilty, I guessed the plea behind which he would shelter himself. That he had not been near the place on the previous night. This I would counter by the accusation that his emissaries had carried out his orders, and then sought safety in flight. It might be that I suspected Felix wrongly, yet, after the story told me by Francis, I could not but think he was connected in some unseen way with the death of the latter. But, after all, these suspicions were yet vague and aimless. All I knew for certain was that Francis Briarfield was dead. I swore on the instant to devote myself to finding out and punishing his detestible assassin.

Having come to this resolution, I propped up the open door, so as to close the entrance to the chamber of death, and descended to the lower regions. Finding victuals and fuel in the kitchen, I cooked myself a meal, and made a sufficiently good breakfast. Then I lighted my pipe and took my seat at the front door, to watch for the coming of Felix Briarfield. Whether my suspicions would be dispelled or confirmed by his demeanor, I was, of course, unable to say until the interview took place. But I was most anxious to know.

All that morning I looked down the winding road to Marshminster, but saw no one coming therefrom. Not a soul was in sight, and if I did for a moment think that Strent and his daughter might return and declare themselves innocent, the thought was banished by a few hours' outlook. The inn, as I said before, was on a slight rise, and I could see far and wide. No human being was to be seen, and as the hours passed I grew almost horrified at the gruesome solitude. To be alone with a dead body, in a lonely house, in a lonely moor is hardly healthy for the mind.

Towards noon I took a resolution.

"If," said I, "the mountain won't come to Mahomet—why, then, Mahomet must go to the mountain."

The interpretation of this was that I intended to see Felix Briarfield at Bellin Hall, Marshminster. Face to face with him and I would force him to explain why he had not kept the appointment. It seemed to me a suspicious circumstances. Perhaps Strent had told him Francis was dead, and therefore it would be useless for him to ride to Fenn Inn. If this were so, it would go a long way towards implicating him in the crime.

I re-entered the house, locked up everything, and strapping on my knapsack, took my departure. I looked back at the ruin, and saw it loom more grim and ghastly than ever. Even in the bright sunshine it could not appear otherwise than eerie, and it was with great pleasure that I left it behind. Yet under those sloping roofs Francis Briarfield lay dead, and it was to discover his assassin and to avenge his death that I set my face towards Marshminster.

CHAPTER III.

FELIX OR FRANCIS.

Late in the afternoon I tramped into Marshminster. It was by no means my first visit to that sleepy provincial town. Under the shadow of the cathedral tower dwelt relatives with whom I had aforetime spent school and college holidays. Their house was the goal of my pilgrimage, and a week's rest was to recoup me for the toils of the walking tour. The tragic occurrence at the Fen inn altered all my plans. With an assassin to be tracked, there was no time for comfortable idleness. Francis Briarfield had been my friend, and I owed it to his memory to avenge his death. It was no easy task I had set myself. I recognized that from the first.

In place, therefore, of seeking the center of the town, and my maiden aunt's, I turned off at the outskirts, and made for Bellin Hall. According to the story of Francis, his brother was staying with the Bellins, and it was necessary that I should see him at once about the matter. My acquaintance with Mrs. Bellin and her daughter was confined to casual conversation at crowded "At Homes" during the season. I had hardly the right to thrust myself on them uninvited, but my business brooked of no delay. The sooner Felixx know of the truth the better it would be for him. If he were guilty, I could punish him for his crime by denouncing him at once to the authorities; if innocent, he need lose no time in hunting down those who had slain his brother. Besides, I wished to put Olivia on her guard against the man masquerading as Francis Briarfield. That I intended to do in any case, whether he was innocent or guilty.

Bellin Hall was a grotesque specimen of architecture, built by Jeremiah Bellin, who had made his money out of blacking. It was uncommonly like a factory, but perhaps the deceased Jeremiah liked something to remind him of the origin of his fortune, and to keep him from thinking his ancestors came over with William the Conqueror. He married the daughter of a baronet, and then took his departure to the next world, leaving his widow well provided for and his daughter an heiress in her own right. Mrs. Bellin was a pretty woman, with no brains and a giggling laugh. Her daughter had the beauty of her mother and the brains of her father, so she was altogether a charming girl. How she could tolerate her silly dolly of a mother, I could never understand. Perhaps 23 years of constant forbearance had inured her to the trial.

On arriving at the front door, I learned that Mr. Briarfield was within, and sent up my card, requesting a private interview. For the present I did not wish to see Olivia, as it was my intention to warn Felix that I was cognizant of his trickery. My theory was proved correct by the following dialogue:

Myself—"Is Mr. Briarfield within?"

Footman—"Yes, sir. Mr. Francis Briarfield has just returned from town."

After which question and answer I was shown into a room. Observe that I said "Mr. Briarfield," and the footman answered "Mr. Francis Briarfield." Now, as I well knew that the man bearing that name was lying dead at the Fen inn, it was conclusive proof that Felix, to gain the hand of Olivia, was masquerading as his brother. I had just argued this out to my complete satisfaction when Felix made his appearance.

The resemblance between the brothers was extraordinary. I had some difficulty in persuading myself that the man before me was not he whom I had seen dead that morning. The same pale face, dark hair, and jaunty moustache, the same gestures, the same gravity of demeanor, and actually the same tones in the voice. There was not the slightest difference between Felix and Francis; the one duplicated the other. I no longer wondered that Olivia was deceived. Despite my acquaintance with the brothers, I should have been tricked myself. As it was, I stared, open-mouthed, at the young man.

"This is a pleasant surprise, Denham," he said, looking anxiously at me. "I did not know you were in this part of the world."

"Nor was I until yesterday. I am on a walking tour, and last night slept at the Fen inn."

"The Fen Inn," he repeated, with a slight start; "what took you to that out-of-the-way place?"

"I came by the marshes, and as I was belated, had to take the best shelter that offered."

"But, man alive," said Felix, raising his eyebrows, "the inn is empty."

This time it was my turn to be astonished. If Felix thought the inn was empty, why did he appoint it as a meeting place for his brother. He either knew too much or too little, so it behoved me to conduct the conversation with the utmost dexterity.

"It was not empty last night, at all events," I retorted, keeping my eyes fixed on his face.

"Indeed! Are gipsies encamped there?" he said, coolly.

"Well, not exactly," I answered, emulating his calm, "it was in charge of a man called Strent, and his daughter."

"This is news to me. I was always under the impression that the Fen Inn was quite deserted."

"You have not been near it lately?"

"No! Nobody goes near it. They say it is haunted."

"Pshaw," I answered angrily, "an old wife's tale. And yet," I added, after a moment's thought, "it may well be haunted after what took place there last night."

"This begins to grow interesting," said Felix. "Had you an advenure?"

"Yes! I met with your brother."

"Impossible! My brother Felix is in Paris."

"I am talking of Francis."

"Francis," he repeated, with a disagreeable smile. "Francis. Well, Denham! I am Francis."

"I think you are making a mistake, Briarfield," said I, coldly, "your brother Francis slept at the Fen Inn last night."

"I slept in this house."

"I quite believe that. But you are Felix."

"Oh!" said Briarfield, bursting into a harsh laugh. "I see you are making the inevitable mistake of mixing me up with my brother. It is pardonable under the circumstances, otherwise I might resent your plain speaking."

The assurance of the man was so complete that I wondered if he knew that his secret was safe by the death of his brother. Such knowledge would account for his complacency. Yet it was quite impossible that he could know of the death, as he certainly had not been to the inn. I knew that from my own knowledge.

"If you are Francis," said I, slowly, "you are engaged to Miss Bellin."

"I am," he answered haughtily, "but by what right you——"

"One moment, Mr. Briarfield. Miss Bellin gave her lover Francis a pearl ring. I do not see it on your finger."

He glanced down at his hand and grew confused.

"I lost it," he muttered, "I lost it some time ago."

"That is not true!"

"Do you dare to——"

"I dare anything in connection with what I know to be a fraud. You are passing yourself off as your brother Francis."

"By what right do you make this mad assertion."

"From what Francis told me last night."

"But I tell you I am Francis," he said, savagely. "Don't I know my own name?"

"If you are the man you assert yourself to be where is the pearl ring?"

"I lost it."

"You did not! You never had it! I saw it on the finger of Francis no later than last night."

"I think you are mad, Denham!" said Felix, white with passion; "or else you must be talking of Felix, who is in Paris."

"That untruth will not serve," I said, coldly. "Felix is before me, and Francis is lying dead at the Fen Inn."

"What, Francis dead?" he cried, unguardedly.

"Ah!—you admit it is Francis!"

"No, I don't, he retorted, quickly. "I only re-echoed your words. What do you mean by saying such a thing?"

For answer I rose from my seat and made for the door. The farce wearied me.

"Where are you going, Denham?" he asked, following me up.

"For the police!" I answered, facing him. "Yes, I am determined to find out the mystery of Francis Briarfield's death. You, his brother, decline to help me, so I shall place the matter in the hands of the authorities!"

"Upon my soul, Denham," said Felix, detaining me, "you are either mad or drunk. I declare most solemnly that I am Francis Briarfield. From this story of yours I should think it was my brother Felix who is dead did I not know he is in Paris."

"A fine story, but it does not impose on me," I answered scoffingly. "Listen to me Briarfield. Your brother Francis went out to South America some six months ago. Before he went he was engaged to Miss Bellin. The mother would not hear of the marriage so the engagement was kept secret. You also knew of it and took advantage of such knowledge to suppress the letters sent to Miss Bellin through you by Francis, and represent yourself to Olivia as her lover returned three months before his time. You, I quite believe, are supposed to be in Paris, so

IS HALF AND HALF

PERHAPS THE MISSING LINK HAS BEEN FOUND.

A. H. Savage Landor Visits the Hakodate Tribes on the Island of Yezo—The Hairy Ainus.

Some new light on the most primitive of primitive races in the northern half of the earth has been given to the world by A. H. Savage Landor, an Englishman, who made a visit to Hakodate, which is on the island of Yezo, and is the northern treaty port of the Japanese islands. There he found some queer specimens of semi-human kind known as the Hairy Ainu. The Ainus are probably the "lowest down" in the scale of humanity of any living race.

Mr. Landor had heard that no solitary traveler could possibly make a tour of the islands, but he succeeded in doing so, and gives some interesting ethnological facts in a narrative published by him entitled "Alone With the Hairy Ainu."

The Ainu is described as having no similarity whatever to the Japanese and Chinese type of men. The color of the skin is light reddish-brown. The eye is peculiarly contrasted to the Mongolian eye, having a similar form and setting to that of North Europeans. The hairy skin is supposed to indicate a northern origin.

The eyes are very expressive, and show the emotions in an interesting way. In adults the hair is black,

AN AINU MAN.

The emotions are expressed by slight changes of posture or gesture, but the Ainus do not care to show their feelings; they have no sense of shame, and even fear appears hardly known to them.

In the Smithsonian report of 1890 is an account of them, written by Mr. Romyn Hitchcock, who visited their island two years previously. The accompanying illustrations are characteristic portraits, showing admirably the hairy character of the men and the fashion of tattooing a mustache on the women.

Their history for the last 2,500 years is to a certain extent known. They were supposed at one time to have occupied the Japanese archipelago, and to have been driven to Yezo, where they maintained their independence until the ninth century, then becoming subject to Japan. Their fierceness gradually left them, and they are now among the most peaceable and submissive of the earth's inhabitants. At Yezo their number is estimated to be about 17,000.

The races showing the least human advancement about more in the Southern than in the Northern hemisphere. The Ainus are the most primitive of primitive races in the Northern hemisphere, according to the latest observations.

In commenting upon this peculiar people, Nature says that the women do most of the hard work, but the men when hunting can walk 40 miles a day without fatigue, although they usually prefer to ride, ponies being plentiful and of a good breed. In moving a load or heavy object the Ainus never push, but always pull towards them. They appear to use the feet and toes very freely to help their hands and fingers, and they readily employ their teeth, preferring to pull with the teeth than with the hand when an unusually heavy haul is necessary.

Their appearance struck Mr. Landor as exactly like the reconstructions of the primitive man of Northern Europe, and many of their movements recalled those of the anthropoid apes, which are the only creatures that have been thought of as the possible "connecting link" between men and their fellow animals of a lower grade.

They are an extremely filthy people, both in their persons and huts. They seem to have an acute sense of smell, distinguishing between the odor of an Englishman and a Japanese, but obvious to their own very marked perfume—an intensified form of the "peculiar odor of an uncleaned monkeys' cage." The sense of touch is singularly defective, and even when the extremes are painful they cannot distinguish the sensation of heat from that of cold. Their hearing is very acute. They are small in stature, although rather larger than the Japanese.

"Although ignorant and superstitious, they do not look like savages or barbarians," says Mr. Hitchcock. "Their manners are gentle, their voices soft and pleasing. The young women are often comely and attractive. The Japanese in Yezo are quick to recognize the good qualities of the Ainu women, and many of them marry Ainu wives."

A century ago the Ainus were living in the age of stone. They are beyond it now only because they have obtained knives from the Japanese. They have no writing, no records of the past, no aspirations. Their language is still a puzzle; their traditions and myths are scarcely known except to a few students. They are incapable of advancement.

After a century of contact with the Japanese they have learned no arts, adopted no improvements. The hunter to-day shoots the bear with poisoned arrows from a bow as primitive as early man himself, although the Japanese are famous for their archery and weapons.

The Grocer Did Not Advertise.

A few days ago a Pittsburg citizen cut into a pound of butter which he had purchased at a grocery whose proprietor does not advertise, and found therein a small tin box, which contained a piece of paper bearing the following, written in a neat feminine hand:

"I am a girl 18 years old, good-looking and an excellent housekeeper. Should this be found by some unmarried Christian gentleman, will he please write to the following address," etc.

The finder, being a bachelor, decided to unravel the affair, and succeeded, only to destroy the romance. The girl who had written the note had died many years ago, leaving an aged husband and a grown family.—Pittsburg Messenger.

A Fish Story.

A fishing schooner has just brought to Gloucester, Mass., a cod fish which weighed 142 pounds before dressing.—Philadelphia Press.

IGNORES HIM NOW.

Miss Lea Repels the Advances of the Lover Who Once Deserted Her.

From Yesterday's New York Recorder.

Toledo, Feb. 28.—A sensational lawsuit does not grow out of every breach of promise case. A few years ago Ella Lea and George Miner were engaged to be married. He was a trader for a big manufacturing establishment and she was a girl whose nimble fingers earned her own living, and assisted in the support of a widowed mother. The wedding day was fixed, and when the momentous hour arrived the girl, clad in her bridal gown, surrounded by her friends, awaited the coming of the bridegroom. The clergyman was there, but Miner did not come. Anxiety was followed by apprehension and then despair, and as the guests silently departed the bridal veil was moist with tears. The man who had so cruelly deceived her left the city, remained away three months and then returned. Her friends urged her to bring suit for breach of promise, arguing that as she was in moderate circumstances and he drew a large salary there was complete justification for such a course.

"No," she replied, "if his love for me was so weak as to urge him to leave me at the altar, I do not care to se him again."

She appeared to have effaced his memory from her heart, and was again gay and happy. During the recent hard times she lost her situation. She searched in vain for employment, and was nearly discouraged, when finally she was told that the firm for which her recreant lover worked was in need of help. She hesitated a moment, but reasoning that she would only have to deal with the foreman, she went to the office and asked to see the foreman. Presently she was face to face with George Miner. She trembled and grew white and faint, and the man looked guilty and confused. At last she said, "I wanted to see the foreman."

"I am the foreman," he replied.

"Oh, I did not know that," she said. "I am glad you have been promoted. The reason I called is that I lost my old position, and was told there was a chance here."

With much relief, he responded, "Well, just at present, Ella, there is no opening; but if you will call again in about a week I can find something for you to do."

She thanked him and withdrew, while he collapsed into the nearest chair, and realized what he had lost. In a week she returned, got a good position, and is now at work in the establishment, to all appearances contented and unconcerned. A thousand times he has intimated that a renewal of former associations would make him the happiest man in the world, but she kindly but firmly repels all advances, and never by word or look shows that she regretted his absence on the day they were to have been made man and wife.

WHAT "GENTLEMEN" MAY DO.

Need Not Pay Tradesmen's Bills, but They Must Play Cards Fairly.

There are many things which it appears a gentleman may do nowadays in Europe without incurring the loss of his right to that designation by society or forfeiting what the latter regards as his "honor," says a writer in the New York Tribune. Thus he may avoid paying his creditors, provided they are tradespeople or friends, who, instead of being content with his plighted word, have accepted the additional security of a promissory note. Indeed, the passing of any paper between creditor and debtor is said to remove the obligation from the list of debts of honor and places it among the so-called "tradesmen's debts," the nonpayment of which involves no loss of "gentilhommerie" of "honor." Debts of honor, that is to say, loans based merely upon verbal obligations and bets, must be paid at all cost, according to the ethics governing the "code of honor," even if the debtor has to obtain the money by means of methods which verge not only upon the dishonorable, but even on the criminal. It is for this reason that we sometimes hear of young men going to the length of stealing their mother's jewels or of forging the name of their nearest and dearest relatives, as did the eldest son of an English peer the other day, for the sake of paying those debts of honor which they can no longer hope to retain the social status of a gentleman. One has heard of men committing suicide, like young Count Aloys Hardegg a few weeks since at Vienna, and the last Marquis of Hastings, years ago in London, because they were unable to pay their "debts of honor," but one has never heard of a gentleman taking his own life because he could not pay his tailor.

Connection with a divorce suit, far from detracting from the "status of a gentleman," is, on the contrary, rather a feather in his cap, excepting in cases where the co-respondent prefers to speak the truth and acknowledge his guilt rather than perjure himself in the witness box "like a gentleman." The most mortal of sins in the eyes of society is one that entails above everything else the forfeiture of the title of gentleman and of all honor, is unfair play at cards; and it is no secret that a majority of the great families in England at present prefer to have a murderer among their relatives than a man convicted of the offense which resulted in the social ostracism of Sir Allen Cochrane, brother of the Duke of Roxeburghe's son-in-law, George Russell, and of Major, the Hon. Walter Harbord, brother of Lord Suffield. These perhaps are the principal things which a "gentleman" and a woman of honor may and may not do according to the tenets of the old world society. The latter may be summed up in brief as the payment of debts of honor; reticence with regard to all "affaires de coeur"; and playing fairly at cards. Provided a man does not break these three commandments, he may commit every other sin with impunity, and, if only he be of gentle birth, his shortcomings will be regarded merely in the light of venial eccentricities.

AN AINU WOMAN.

Not Surprising.

Williamson (a poor shot)—I haven't had any better luck hunting this year than I did last.

Henderson—Of course not. The birds aren't any larger.—Truth.

An Artist.

Bibble—"That preacher painted a vivid picture of sheol. What's his denomination?"

Doxie—"Baptist."

Bibble—"Ah! a water-colorist!"—Godey's Magazine.

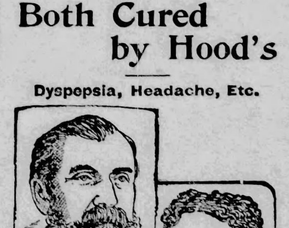
Too Much.

Husband—I suppose I may expect to be treated like a dog.

Wife—Why, the idea. I loved Fido long before I ever saw you.—Detroit Tribune.

Both Cured by Hood's

Dyspepsia, Headache, Etc.



Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Buck

Saco, Maine.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"For years I have had dyspepsia, growing worse, and became so discouraged that I thought of selling my farm and going to California. Added to my misery were the painful effects of a fracture on the end of my backbone, which resulted from a coasting accident when a boy. I happened to read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to take two bottles, and before the last one was gone, I could eat a hearty meal without any distress. The fracture of my backbone is also healed and I do not have any lameness. I can truly say I am now well, and I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla

Saved My Life.

It has also been a great benefit to my wife, who had distress in the stomach and severe headaches. She said the first dose

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

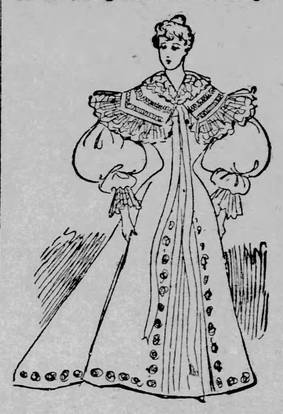
of Hood's Sarsaparilla seemed to go to the right spot. Now she enjoys good health."

ELIJAH BUCK, Box 496, Saco, Maine.

Hood's Pills cure sickheadache, biliousness, and all liver ills. 25 cents.

TEA GOWNS.

The marriage of Miss Bass in London brings out in the newspapers three larger descriptions of the costumes than have been seen since the royal wedding. The cuts herewith given are of two tea gowns



made for her which have attracted much attention, by reason of their stylishness. They are made of soft light stuff, with ribbon and lace trimmings.

The tea gown is more popular than ever

and they form an important part of the modish woman's toilet.

Tennyson on Spring.

We have the word of Alfred Tennyson for it that in the spring the young man's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love. It is singular that the great laureate omitted to mention the fact that it is in the spring that a considerable portion of the human race turn to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Probably nothing but the difficulty of finding a good rhyme for that invaluable remedy deterred him. Certain it is that the old-time domestic remedies are generally discarded in favor of the standard blood purifier. Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has attained the greatest popularity all over the country as the favorite Spring Medicine. It purifies the blood and gives nerve, mental, bodily and digestive strength.

RECENT LITERATURE.

The Latest Volumes on the Blade's Book Table for Review.

"The United States" is the title of an educational series edited by John Clark Ridpath and published by the United States History company, 53 State street, Boston. It is designed to be the most complete and popular history of the United States now extant, being a revised and enlarged edition of the one already so popular. It is to be published in weekly parts, well illustrated, at a subscription price is $13 a year.

"A Spinster's Leaflets" is one of those charming word paintings that show a life in the most delightful way imaginable. The story is told in quaint detail, but is nevertheless wearisome. It can scan the house and its treasures; the "well with its lining of soft green moss; the two village deacons, one expounding the terrors of Divine wrath, forgetting its mercies—the other dispensing Sabbath smiles in town and the 'Guardian Angel' of everybody." It is an exquisite story which no one should miss reading. The author is Lyn Estes Selden. The volume is prettily illustrated, and the press-work and binding are excellent. Lee & Shepard, Boston, are the publishers.

"The Gist of Whist," by Charles E. Coffin, published by J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York city, is a valuable addition to whist literature. The object of the book is stated in the introductory: It is to reduce the precepts and principles of the standard game to convenient and practical form, so arranged and systemalized that its theory may be easily comprehended, its rules quickly committed, and its practice readily acquired. It embraces the improved method of American leads and the laws of whist as revised by the recent Whist Congress in Chicago so that the technical part of the work is in accordance with the latest authorization.

Tait & Sons, New York, also bring out John Oliver Hobbes's "A Bundle of Life," an old-fashioned story of English society full of gentle satire, showing the follies and weaknesses of both men and women, but really a charming little volume. It belongs to the series called The Pseudonym Library.

"The World's Congress of Religions," with an introduction by Rev. Minot J. Savage, is a volume just brought out by the Arena Publishing Company, Boston. It is not so complete a work as that of Dr. Barrows but it shows the main work of the Parliament itself in an excellent manner.

In Harper's "Black and White Series" comes that delcious bit of autobiography by W. D. Howells, entitled "My Year in a Log Cabin." It is a very pleasant half hour's reading.

"The Political Economy of National Law," by Henry Ward, is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. The work was an outcome from the author's "Natural Law in the Business World," and contains a portion of the matter in that volume, although it may be considered substantially a new work. Mr. Wood believes that all growth is from within outward, according to an eternal order that can be reversed by no human power. "The most ideal and perfect legislation that it is possible to conceive is powerless to raise men from the plane of self-interest. Lifting force comes from internal education and evolution."

The "Primer of Philosophy," by Dr. Paul Carus, is brought out by The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. The subject is presented in the clearest and most lucid manner of the author. In his introduction he explains his philosophy, or rather the ethics which he derives from the philosophy of systematized facts as follows: Meliorism gives up for good the idea that a perfect, painless and undisturbed happiness is attainable. It does not seek the value of life in pleasure and pleasurable feelings, but in the work performed. Life is a struggle, and that which makes life worth living is the moral aim which we pursue. Life has no value in itself; life is an opportunity for creating values. Life gains in value the more we fill it with worthy actions."

From the same publishers and the work of the same author comes "The Religion of Science," which he claims to be the religion of truth. It is, he says, an appeal to all mankind. Those who profess its principles may belong to any church or to no church. A careful reading of this little volume will give some new ideas to those who have given little thought in these directions. It contains bold statements of what may be termed practical truths.

Figures of Longevity Show.

One of the noteworthy facts of the last (1891) census of Japan is the large number of persons who have attained the age of 100 years and upward. The total population of the empire is 40,500,000, and out of that number there was a total of 177 persons who had passed the century milestone, viz. Eighty-two who were 100 years of age, forty-six of 101, twenty-six of 102, seven of 103, six of 104, one of 105, seven of 106 and three of 107. The combined ages of this wonderful "century community" of 177 persons yields a grand total of 16,937 years.—St. Louis Republic.

How to Use a Hairpin.

"There is no use in trying to deny it," said one young man to another. "Blimmins is badly married, I hate to say it, but it's so."

"How to you know?"

"By a talk I have just had with him."

"Does he complain?"

"No. That's the pathetic part of it. He was telling me how good natured and clever his wife is, because this morning she showed him how to fasten his suspenders with a hairpin."—Kansas City Times.

Free Lunch Eaters.

Since the hard times began, a few months ago, the consumption of free lunches in the saloons has increased over 50 per cent, and the receipts dropped more than 25. Nowadays cautioners seem to make it a rule to drink exactly at lunch time. Before the panic much more drinking was done between luncheon hours. For self protection the saloon keepers will very soon be obliged to abolish the free lunch altogether.

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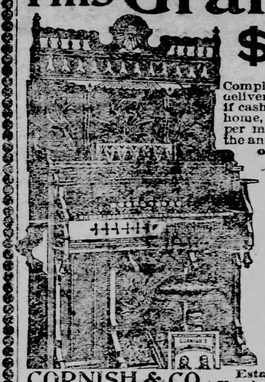

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Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest, and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Buddhism and Brahminism.

G. B. T., Enid, Okla.: Apparently you have sent the same question to different papers. Hence we will answer briefly. The doctrine of Buddhism is embraced in the "four great truths," viz: First, that misery always accompanies existence; second, that all modes of existence result from passion or desire; third, that there is no escape from existence except by destruction of desire; fourth, that this may be accomplished by following the four-fold way of Nirvana. Of these ways the first is an awakening of the heart, a realization that pain is one with existence; the second is freedom from impure desires and revengeful feelings; the third, freedom from evil desires, ignorance, doubt, heresy, and unkindliness; the fourth, acquisition of universal charity. After this the believer attains Nirvana—eternal rest.

Brahminism is the system of religious institutions originated and elaborated by the Brahmins, the sacerdotal caste of the Hindoos. The vedas contain most of the laws of the Brahmins, supplemented by several other writings. The Brahmins had a trinity of gods—Brahma, the creator; Vishnu, the preserver, and Siva, the destroyer, together with lesser deities. Final emancipation—perfect spiritual and bodily freedom—is dependent on perfect knowledge of the divine essence, which is only to be attained by complete abstraction of the mind from external objects and intense meditation on the divinity. The few who attain this pass on their death into the "universal soul." The others pass into the world of Brahma and await reincorporation. Buddhism is an outgrowth of Brahminism, differing in details. It has been said that no person but a Hindoo can comprehend what Brahminism and Buddhism are and mean.

Resumption.

S. F. L., Aster, Kan.: The Resumption act was passed on Jan. 14, 1875. The reasons for these: The issue of greenbacks during the war had inflated the currency, with its usual evil effects. Gold was at a premium, prices were high in paper, but not above the normal in gold, of course. It is always during a period of paper inflation, impossible to get back to a solid financial ground, without reducing the excess of paper. This was done by calling in the excess of greenbacks and issuing bonds, thus converting one kind of debt into another. To provide a solid basis for the redemption of greenbacks, so as to enable them to circulate at par, the secretary of the Treasury was authorized to sell bonds to the extent of $100,000,000 to create a gold reserve fund for their redemption. There are $346,000,000 greenbacks outstanding. They are a debt, and will be paid some time. They could not all be withdrawn at that time, because it would have made the circulation too small.

Woolen Suits.

W. H. H., Freewater, Ore., asks us to give "the cost of an English suit of clothes laid down in our country, plus duty, and one that is a fair cloth for business, not a fancy, at manufactory."

That is very difficult to do, as the duty on ready-made clothing is both specific and ad valorem. Hardly any ready-made clothing is purchased by foreign cloth is, and the duties vary with the weight and fineness. We said recently that a merchant tailor of Toledo showed the writer an all-wool piece of American cloth from which a suit would be cut, side by side with a piece of imported Scotch goods, same quality, a suit exactly the same would cost $25. Let the Democrats keep on lying. When the Wilson bill goes into operation they will find out at least what fearful fools they have been.

Popular Vote, 1888, 1892.

L. O. P., Hammond, La.: The popular vote by parties at the national elections of 1888 and 1892 are herewith given. There is no way of getting the total vote of the intervening years, because all the states do not hold general elections in any of those years.

	1888.	1892.
Democratic	5,538,233	5,556,918
Republican	5,440,216	5,176,108
Prohibitionist	249,907	264,133
Populist	.....	1,041,028

The per cent of growth of the Prohibitionist vote was less than the per cent of increase of the total vote, showing it is not keeping up relatively.

Electing a President.

A. M., Sherman, Ky.: Each state elects as many electors as it has Senators and Representatives in Congress. The candidate who has a majority of these electors is chosen President. It very often happens that the successful candidate has not a majority of the total popular vote, for the electors are chosen by states, not by the nation at large. For instance, if New York state should go Democratic by 1,000 plurality, that would give the Democratic candidate 36 electoral votes; and at the same time Ohio might go Republican by 75,000 plurality, giving the Republican candidate 23 electoral votes. Figure this out, and you will readily see why a man may be elected President and yet have a minority of the total popular vote.

Immigration.

G. R. B., Valparaiso, Ind.: The following are the official figures of foreign immigration to the nUited States for the past ten years:

1884	518,592
1885	395,346
1886	334,203
1887	490,109
1888	546,889
1889	444,427
1890	455,302
1891	560,319
1892	623,084
1893	502,917

Old Coins.

J. B. H., Arcadia, Neb.: There is no premium on the half-dollar of 1823.

J. A. M., Tunnelton, Ind.: The rubbing you send us is not of a coin at all, but of some political medal. Why did you not state of what it was made?

J. R. P., Chalfant's, O.: The coin of which you send a rubbing is Greek, but we cannot identify it.

E. R., Wagontown, Pa.: No. Why did you not read the rules above? To tell where you can sell a coin would be to give the dealer a free advertisement, and we cannot do that.

S. J. C., Sand Mountain, Ala.: There is no premium on half dollars of 1831 and 1834.

Our Imports.

W. H. P., Central Station, W. Va., asks: "Can you give me reliable figures showing that our importations of goods have been larger under a low tariff than under a high tariff?"

We could give you figures, did it not take too much space. But then they would be misleading, for the last low tariff era was from 1847 to 1860, and our population was not half what it is now, and consequently the volume of imports must be compared with the population to arrive at correct results. Don't bother with the past; wait till the Wilson bill goes into operation, and then watch the figures.

The Flood.

W. M. D., Brookville, Pa., and J. F. M., Groveland, Ind.: We can not enter into a discussion of the question whether the Flood ever occurred, or was universal or partial, because nothing can be proved. To cite texts from the Bible which says so is not proof. Whether the Bible story is correct is the point at issue. It is hard to explain Genesis vii. 19-24, to one who is ignorant of Hebrew and other Semitic languages. The words are not literal, any more than a man means what he says when he remarks on a hot day, that "he is roasting," or that "this face is boiled." We must decline to discuss this point further.

Debt Paid Under Harrison.

R. M., Mt. Pleasant, Mich.: During the Harrison administration $259,000,000 of the interest-bearing debt was paid. Of course this drew heavily on the surplus. If paying off the debt is a waste of public money, in the mugwump and Democratic view, we suppose the creation of debt must be accounted an admirable exploit of economic genius.

Ebonizing Hard Wood.

O. F. F., Lamont, O., has our thanks for the following formula, asked for in a recent issue:

To ebonize or stain hard wood black, use extract of logwood 4 parts, sulphate iron 1 part; mix and boil together in an iron vessel; put in water enough to make a strong dye; boil the wood in this dye until it is saturated. I have used this mode for ebonizing violin finger-boards, tail pieces and keys for thirty years or more.

"Wildcat" Banks.

J. C., Westline, Minn.: "Wildcat money" is the money of banks organized under state laws, not under the national banking laws. The constitution prohibits any state from making anything but gold and silver a legal tender for debts. Hence a man is not compelled to take these notes unless he wishes. National bank notes are not a legal tender.

Celebrating Mass.

N. B., Mishawaka, Ind.: The various branches of the Christian church which believe in the sacrifice of the mass are the Roman Catholic, Orthodox Greek, Abyssinian church, Coptic church, Armenian church, Nestorians and Jacobites. Each has its own liturgy and the celebration of mass differs with each.

Capital Punishment.

A. A. S., Montevideo, Minn.: The only states in which the death penalty for crime has been abolished are Rhode Island, Michigan and Wisconsin. We know of no European country which has abolished it.

"Seigniorage."

"A. E. J.," Empire, Kan.: Why don't you read The Blade? Seigniorage is explained in an editorial article headed "Coining the Seigniorage," 4th page, 6th column, Weekly Blade of Feb. 15. Refer to it.

Miscellaneous.

D. C. C., Minerva, O.: No.

H. H., Wauseon, O.: Look in the Farmstead.

T. C. B., Guffey, Pa.: We have not the figures.

E. C. R., Philo, Cal.: We don't recall his name.

J. M., Marion, Ind.: Yes, but we don't recall the year.

J. C., Westline, Minn.: The Secretary of the Treasury is not under bonds.

J. G. A., Jefferson, O.: Henry Bergh is dead. We have not the data to answer.

J. W. J., Riddle, Ore.: It is utterly impossible to ascertain the money cost of the war.

F. T. S., Cincinnati, Iowa: Greenbacks are not taxable. No nation taxes its own securities.

W. A. B., Hattonia, O.: Your question is too general. Ask just what you want to know.

S. P. G., Tombstville, Pa.: Justice White is a Catholic. We never heard that he was a Jesuit.

F. E. M., McConnellsville, O.: You must consult a lawyer. We will not answer legal questions.

J. W. M., Davis, O.: The population volume of the census has been published, but we are not sure about the other.

C. C. B., Windsor, Pa.: Senators and Representatives are paid by the year, and of course get no extra pay for an extra session.

E. M. B., Milton, Pa., asks for the origin of the story, "This House that Jack Built." Who has found out through his delvings into folk-lore?

G. L., Macon, Ill.: Too technical. Plating is an art that must be learned, and we could not give directions that would make you succeed without personal instruction.

A. J. B., Manburn, Mich.: Consult a lawyer or justice. Don't ask us questions concerning state laws. It is absurd to expect any one to know the laws of 44 states.

T. D. E., Iron Mountain, Tex.: The word "los" in Spanish names means "the." For instance, "Ciudad de los Angeles" means "City of the Angels," and is shortened into "Los Angeles."

W. H. N., Pendleton, Ind.: It is impossible for us to take space to write an essay on the rise and progress of Chicago. We are the publishers, simply because we can not take more space.

G. S. R., Howard Lake, Minn.: The oath of office was administered to Washington, on his first inauguration, by Robert R. Livingston, Chancellor of the state of New York. One question only, please. See Rules.

W. J. F., Deitz, W. Va.: Crisp's assertion that protection does not advance wages is false. It has advanced them from 1861 to the present. We now have an illustration of the fact that low tariff will reduce wages.

J. C. E., Albion, Mich.: The Treasury statement of April 1, 1885, (we have not the one of March 1), shows total cash in the Treasury $484,474,174. The statement of March 1, 1893, shows total cash in Treasury $764,332,366.

H. E. D., Memphis, Mo.: No, there is no law requiring the $100,000,000 gold reserve to be kept in the Treasury. It was put there to redeem greenbacks, and the intention was, of course, to keep it up, if it fell below that amount.

W. G., Haven, Iowa: Cowpox is a mild eruptive disease peculiar to cows, and capable of transmission to man. It is not the same as smallpox. The reason for our rule of only one question is to diminish the number, as we always have more than we can find room to answer.

J. N., Wisner, Neb.: To answer your question, we would have to write to some lawyer in Nebraska, familiar with its laws and pay him a fee for his opinion on the legal case you ask about. Write to some good lawyer in Lincoln or other city, and pay him for his services.

J. W. M., Lexington, Ala.: Yes, a protective tariff is a benefit to farmers for many reasons. One is, that it creates a vast consuming class of industrial workers who must buy their food, etc., from the farmers. Wait a year or two, and see how low tariff injures them, and you will not need to ask questions.

E. A. O., Carthage, S. D.: Read the article on 1st page of Weekly Blade of Feb. 22. It does not say France is going to build a roller ship; it merely says a Frenchman has made plans for a vessel. We doubt if it is ever built. There is a typographical error in the article. Instead of "400,000 feet long," it should read 400 feet.

The odern an

Commends itself to the well-formed to do pleasantly and effectually what was formerly done in the crudest manner and disagreeably as well. To cleanse the system and break up colds, headaches and fevers without unpleasant after effects, use the delightful liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs.

The Enigma of Life.

Confucius—Well, I have solved a good many problems, but the one I'm at now knocks me out.

The Disciple—What is it, oh, my master?

Confucius—I'm trying to think how I caught this cold.—Puck.

A City Boy's Idea.

Johnny—I wonder what the poor pig is trying to say, mamma?

Mamma—He isn't trying to say anything—he's only squealing.

Johnny—Only squaling? Why, I thought, mamma, he was only stuttering.—Harper's Young People.

Weak Lungs are Cruelly Racked, and the general strength gradually wasted by a persistent, deep-seated Cough, which Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant may be relied on to overcome. It will derive certain benefit from it also if troubled with either Asthma or Bronchitis.

A Dangerous Mill.

Mr. Binks—The paper says a big flour mill blew up yesterday.

Mrs. Banks—Good gracious! I spose it's where they make this new-fangled self-raising flour.—Boston Home Journal.

Nothing to Crow About.

"The sun never sets on England's dominions," remarked the boasting Britisher.

"England reminds me of an old hen," responded the Yankee.

"Why?" demanded the Britisher, angrily.

"A hen's son never sets, either."—Life.

—RUDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send stamp for circular and free sample to MARTIN RUDY, Lancaster, Pa. For sale by all first-class druggists.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Sick Cow.

T. D. McD., Nebraska: Your cow that took a chill is very likely suffering from inflammation of the bowels, with resultant pain. Do you give your cow much dry food without a sufficiency of that which is easily digested? Is the hay you give her perfectly sweet and free from mould? You make a great mistake by giving the cow cold water to drink. The chill should be taken off before giving it to her. The diminished milk production was no doubt largely due to the cold water. Do not give a large amount of water at a time. If her bowels are not working properly, give her a pint of raw linseed oil and a tablespoonful of powdered ginger. Repeat next day. If after the above is given the colicky pains appear, give a pint of whisky in which is stirred 1-2 tablespoonful of powdered ginger. Reduce the quantity of drinking water, and give only feed that is easily digested. The cow should be well blanketed and kept in a warm place where she will not be subjected to chill from draughts of air. Before endeavoring to cause a return of the flow of milk all inflammation must be removed. After the pains have subsided, give the cow sulphate of iron, 2 drachms; powdered nux vomica, 1 drachm; powdered gentian, 1 oz.. Give this much every day for a week, and after suspending the treatment for a week, repeat the medicine for a week. If there is constipation, give a few bran mashes, strictly fresh. To bring on a flow of milk, take of black antimony, 2 ozs.; powdered fennel seed, 4 ozs.; common salt, 4 ozs.; one-quarter of this to be mixed with the food every day.

Pigs Cannot Walk.

H. F., Pennsylvania: You do not say how old your pigs are. You have perhaps overfed them with too rich food. Thoroughbred pigs, or pigs that are the product of close in-breeding, frequently break down if given too much rich food. Fat, heavy pigs are easily lamed in the hind quarters. When this occurs the sooner they are sent to the butcher the better. Rheumatism is also a frequent source of lameness. The remedy for this is Rochelle salts in soft feed, an ounce to a 100-pound pig, and less according to the size. Give once a day for two days.

Lump on Colt's Leg.

T. M. W., Kansas: The colt may have struck its foreleg against some hard substance. Your best plan will be to take of iodine, 1-8 oz.; soap liniment, 3 1-2 ozs. Incorporate this well together, and rub well in twice a day. This may remove the hard enlargement. If not, take of red iodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 3 ozs. Mix and rub a little in over the enlargement once a day for five days. It should be washed off with warm water and soap before each application. Wrap the leg around where the enlargement is located. This wrapping should be continued for two weeks after the lump disappears.

Flat Pea.

W. W., McM., Kansas: The editor does not know enough about the flat pea (Lathyrus Silvestris Wagmis), to warrant him in giving an opinion regarding production or quality.

Bituminous and Lignite Coal for Hogs.

J. D. W., Colorado—A certain quantity of bituminous or lignite coal coal is good for hogs. The sulphur in coal is a blood purifier, and the coal itself passing through the hog, it is claimed, cleans the intestines. When a hog has free access to coal it will not eat more than is necessary for it. Anything that will keep the hog in good health promotes the growth of flesh and fat, as well as muscle. The properties of carbon are important. When anything is burned that contains carbon, its particles unite with oxygen in the air, and carbonic acid gas is formed, the relative proportions being six parts of the former and sixteen of the latter. When an animal inhales air into its lungs, carbon and oxygen unite. The carbon in the system is brought to the surface of the lungs, and uniting with the oxygen, forms carbonic acid gas, which is expelled.

Preserving Eggs.

A. G. G., Kansas: There are many ways for preserving eggs, but nothing has yet been found that will keep eggs fresh, as some people have claimed, for a year. Cold-storage eggs may be kept for a long time, but they must be used at once or they lose the freshness of a fresh egg. Popular methods of preserving eggs are: First—The sulphur process—Take a narrow starch-box with a sliding lid; put the eggs in the box and an oyster shell or other hard substance; place a teaspoonful of sulphur, set fire to the sulphur, and when the fumes begin to rise briskly, shut up the lid and do not disturb it for half an hour. Then take out the eggs and pack in oats. Second—The Pickle process—Put 12 pounds of unslaked lime and four pounds of salt into 24 gallons of water; stir several times a day. Let it stand and settle till perfectly clear. Then draw off 20 gallons of the clear liquid. This may be done by putting a spigot in the barrel just above the settlings. Now take 5 ozs. baking soda, 5 ozs. cream of tartar, 5 ozs. saltpetre, 5 ozs. borax and 1 oz. alum. Pulverize and dissolve in a gallon of boiling water, which, after cooling, should be poured into the liquid above named. This will fill a whisky barrel half full. A barrel holds 150 dozen eggs. The water should stand an inch above the eggs. Put an old cloth over the surface and put a bucket of settlings over it. Do not use the same pickle more than once. After 30 days the eggs may be taken out, packed in boxes and shipped. Third—The scientific American process—Fill a clean keg or barrel with fresh eggs and cover the whole with cold silicylic acid water; cover the whole with a cloth to keep out the dust. To make the solution, dissolve salicylic acid (cost $7 a pound) in boiling water, one teaspoonful of acid to the gallon. It is not necessary to boil all the water, as the acid will dissolve in a less quantity, and the rest may be added to the solution cold. The solution should not come in contact with metal. One brine is sufficient for three months. A wooden spigot may be used to draw off the solution when necessary to replenish the vessel with fresh solution. Keep in a clean, dry cellar. Fourth—Earth process—Take a clean keg; place in it a layer of dried earth, well powdered. Then a layer of eggs, small end down; next a layer of earth, and so on until the keg is full. Put a layer of earth on top of the eggs. It is claimed that in this way eggs may be kept well for six months. Fifth—Salt process—Take a crock; put a layer of salt in it, then a layer of eggs, and keep on in this way till the crock is full. Keep in a dry, cool place. After all, the old-fashioned way is the best, if sweetness and natural flavor are to be considered.

Lice on Chickens.

W. J. K., Illinois:—If you can get pure buhach, or pyrethrum powder and sprinkle it along the backs around the necks and under the wings of the fowls, it will exterminate the lice on them. If you cannot get this use Scotch snuff. One thing must certainly be done before sprinkling the fowls—clean out the old straw in the coop. Dip a rag in kerosene oil and wipe all the perches, both on top and underneath. Also rub all the cracks with the oiled rag. This should be done twice a week for three weeks. In the nests you will make for your hens, put some tobacco stems. Lice do not like nits. Snuff will do, but it costs more than stems. Keep an eye on the under side of the perches for lice at all times, and if found dose them with kerosene. Young chicks should have their heads greased, from beak of bill to rear of head, to kill the big lice.

Mange on Horses.

D. P., Pennsylvania: Rub the parts affected with sweet oil. Let it remain for three hours, then wash off with soft soap and warm water. Dry the part and apply this: Powdered stavesacre seed, 2 ozs.; lard, 8 ozs.; olive oil, 1 oz. Mix at a gentle heat. All old straw must be removed. Clean up everything, including the harness. Blankets should be bo

Talmage's Sermon.

HE WILL RETURN WITH THE ARMY OF THE SAVED.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon — The Saviour's Weapon is Infinite, All-Conquering Love.

Rev. Dr. Talmage in his sermon in the Brooklyn tabernacle brought out the radical truths of the Christian religion. The subject of the sermon was "Christ the Conqueror," the text being Isa. 63:1: "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength?"

Edom and Bozrah having been the scene of fierce battle, when those words are used here or in any other part of the Bible they are figures of speech setting forth scenes of severe conflict. As now we often use the word Waterloo to describe a decisive contest of any kind, so the words Bozrah and Edom in this text are figures of speech descriptive of a scene of great slaughter. Whatever else the prophet may have meant to describe, he most certainly meant to depict the Lord Jesus Christ, saying, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, traveling in the greatness of his strength?"

When a general is about to go out to the wars, a flag and sword are publicly presented to him, and the maidens bring bowers, and the young men load the cannon, and the train starts amidst a huzza that drowns the thunder of the wheels and the shriek of the whistle. But all this will give no idea of the excitement that there must have been in heaven when Christ started out on the campaign of the world's conquest. If they could have forseen the siege that would be laid to him, and the maltreatment he would suffer, and the burdens he would have to carry, and the battles he would have to fight, I think there would have been a million volunteers in heaven who would have insisted on coming along with him; but no, they only accompanied him to the gate, their last shout heard clear down to the earth, the space between the two worlds bridged with a great hosanna. You know there is a wide difference between a man's going off to battle and coming back again. When he goes off it is with epaulets untangled, with banner unspecked, with horses sleek and shining from the groom. All that there is of struggle and pain is to come yet.

So it was with Christ. He had not yet fought a battle. He was starting out, and though this world did not give him a warm-hearted greeting, there was a gentle mother, who folded him in her arms; and a babe finds no difference between a stable and a palace, between courtiers and camel-drivers. As Jesus stepped on the stage of this world, it was amongst angelic shouts in the galleries, and amidst the kindest maternal ministrations. But soon Lostile forces began to gather. They deployed from the Sanhedrim. They were detailed from the standing army. They came out from the Cesarean castles. The vagabonds in the streets joined the gentlemen of the mansion. Spirits rode up from hell, and in long array there came a force together that threatened to put to rout this newly arrived one from heaven. Jesus now seeing the battle gathering, lifted his own standard, but who gathered about it? How feeble the recruits! A few shoremen, a blind beggar, a woman with an alabaster box, another woman with two mites, and a group of friendless, moneyless and positionless people came to his standard. What chance was there for him? Nazareth against him. Bethlehem against him. Capernaum against him. Jerusalem against him. Galilee against him. The courts against him. The army against him. The throne against him. The world against him. All hell against him. No wonder they asked him to surrender. But he could not surrender, he could not apologize, he could not take any back steps. He had come to strike for the deliverance of an enslaved race, and he must do the work. Then they sent out their pickets to watch him. They saw in what house he went, and when he came out. They watched what he ate, and with whom; what he drank, and how much. They did not dare to make their final assault, for they knew not but that behind him there might be a reinforcement that was not seen. But at last the battle came. It was to be more fierce than Bozrah, more bloody than Gettysburg, involving more than Austerlitz, more combatants employed than at Chalons, a ghastlier conflict than all the battles of the earth put together, though Edmund Burke's estimate of thirty-five millions of the slain be accurate. The day was Friday, the hour was between 12 and 3 o'clock. The field was a slight hillock, northwest of Jerusalem. The forces engaged were earth and hell, joined as allies on one side, and heaven, represented by a solitary inhabitant, on the other.

The hour came. Oh, what a time it was! I think that that day the universe looked on. The spirits that could be spared from the heavenly temple, and could get conveyance of wing or chariot, came down from above, and spirits getting furlough from beneath came up; and they listened, and they looked, and they watched. Oh, what an uneven battle! Two worlds armed on one side; an unarmed man on the other. The regiment of the Roman army at that time stationed at Jerusalem began the attack. They knew how to fight, for they belonged to the most thoroughly drilled army in all the world. With spears glittering in the sun they charged up the hill. The horses pranee and rear amidst the excitement of the populace—the heels of the riders plunged in the flanks, urging them on. The weapons begin to tell on Christ. See how faint he looks! There the blood starts, and there, and there, and there. If he is to have reinforcements, let him call them up now. No; he must do this work alone—alone. He is dying. Feel for yourself of the wrist; the pulse is feebler. Feel under the arm; the warmth is less. He is dying. Ay, they pronounce him dead. And just at that moment that they pronounced him dead he rallied, and from his wounds he unsheathed a weapon which staggered the Roman legions down the hill, and hurled the satanic battalions into the pit. It was a weapon of love, infinite love, all-conquering love. Mightier than javelin or spear, it triumphed over all. Put back, ye armies of earth and hell! The tide of battle turns. Jesus hath overcome. Let the people stand apart and make a line, that he may pass down from Calvary to Jerusalem, and thence on and out all around the world. The battle is fought. The victory is achieved. The triumphal march is begun. Hark to the hoofs of the warrior's steed and the tramping of a great multitude! for he has many friends now. The hero of earth and heaven advances. Cheer! cheer! "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, traveling in the greatness of his strength?"

We behold here a new revelation of a blessed and startling fact. People talk of Christ as though he were going to do something grand for us after awhile. He has done it. People talk as though, ten or twenty years from now, in the closing hours of our life, or in some terrible pass of life, Jesus will help us. He has done the work already. He did it eighteen hundred and sixty-one years ago. You might as well talk of Washington as though he were going to achieve our national independence in 1950, as to speak of Christ as though he were going to achieve our salvation in the future. He did it in the year of our Lord 33, eighteen hundred and sixty-one years ago, on the field of Bozrah, the Captain of our salvation fighting unto death for your and my emancipation. All we have to do is to accept that fact in our heart of hearts, and we are free for this world, and we are free for the world to come. But lest we might not accept, Christ comes through here to-day, "traveling in the greatness of his strength," not to tell you that he is going to fight for you in the battle in the future, but to tell you that the battle is already fought, and the victory already won.

Some of our modern theologians who want to give God lessons about the way to save the world, tell us they do not want any blood in their redemption. They want to take this horse by the bit, and hurl him back on his haunches, and tell this rider from Bozrah to go around some other way.

Look out lest you fall under the flying hoofs of this horse; lest ye go down under the sword of this conqueror from Bozrah! What meant the blood of the pigeons in the old dispensation? the blood of the bullock? the blood of the heifer? the blood of the lamb? It meant to prophesy the cleansing blood, the pardoning blood, the healing blood of this Conqueror who comes up from Bozrah, "traveling in the greatness of his strength." I care not a handful of the current that rushes from the heart of the Lord, and I throw it over this audience, hoping that one drop of its cleansing power may come upon your soul. O Jesus! in that crimson tide wash our souls! We accept thy sacrifice! Conqueror of Bozrah, have mercy upon us! We throw our garments in the way! We fall into the! Ride on, Jesus, ride on! "Traveling in the greatness of thy strength.

But after awhile, the returning conqueror will reach the gate, and all the armies of the saved will be with him. I hope you will be there, and I will be there. As we go through the gate and around about the throne for the review, "a great multitude that no man can number—all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues," right away which is Jesus, not only because of the brightness of his face, but because, while all the other inhabitants in glory are robed in white—saints in white, cherubim in white, seraphim in white—his robes shall be scarlet, even the dyed garments of Bozrah. I catch a glimpse of that triumphant toy, but the gate opens and shuts so quickly, I can hear only half a sentence, and it is this, "Unto him who hath washed us in his blood!"

The Superiority

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is due to the tremendous amount of brain work and constant care used in its preparation. Try one bottle and you will be convinced of its superiority. It purifies the blood which, the source of health, cures dyspepsia, overcomes sick headaches and billiousness. It is just the medicine for you.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients.

PRETTY BALL DRESSES.

This cut serves to illustrate examples of modest ball dresses of Parisian make and model. It is taken from the Queen.

Gown is white pean de soie, trimmed with three flounces of silk muslin, which are finished off in front under tufts of roses and foliage. Muslin bouillonnes describe a fancy trellis work on the lower part of the plain skirt in front, over which fall two streamers of faille ribbon depending from the upright loops of the sash. The short basque ornaments the back of the bodice and only reaches in front to

the arm seams. Roses on the draped muslin bertha, while two ribbons stripe each of the satin sleeves, which are veiled with muslin and caught down in the center by two bouillonnes. Roses and knot of loops and ends in the coiffure. Diamond necklet.

White satin dress, enriched in front with gold-spangled embroidery, which glitters on the puffed epaulets, at the waist of the round, seamless bodice, and along the edge of the upper skirt, which is draped in festoons. A spray of orchids on the left shoulder, with a few leaves drooping over the irregular folds of the bertha, in keeping with the short, full sleeves. Orchids resting against the knot of the headdress. Pearl throatlet.

VENUS VISIBLE BY DAY.

Professor Prentiss Describes Some Astronomical Phenomena.

Professor R. W. Prentiss, professor of astronomy in Rutgers College, commented on the unusual spectacle which the twilight sky now affords of the exceedingly bright evening stars Jupiter and Venus. He said:

"The phenomenon occurs at intervals of eight years whenever the planet is at or near its greatest north latitude, and about four or five weeks before inferior conjunction, at which Venus is between us and the sun. Venus is now 33,000,000 miles distant from the earth, but by February 16, at inferior conjunction, this will have diminished to 25,440,000. Venus will then present to us a face entirely unilluminated and will be lost in the brightest rays of the sun. Even now the telescope of high power will exhibit the form of a delicate crescent like the new moon and the quarter part of its disk being in the shadow, so that the brightness seems to increase with the diminution of light. After February 16 it will pass to the outer side of the sun, being visible in the early dawn as a morning star, and by November 29 its distance will have increased to 159,080,000 miles, when its brightness will be five times less than it is now.

"Jupiter, although separated from us by more than four hundred million miles, is yet the largest planet in the solar system and exceeds in size a thousand earths. It is the giant planet, and outshines the other stars in outline, in magnitude and lustre. Venus, on the other hand, is about the same size as our own earth. Its orbit is almost a circle entirely within the orbit of the earth, so that at times it is between us and the sun, and at other times beyond the sun, its distance varying from twenty-five to one hundred and sixty millions of miles.

"At present Venus is our nearest neighbor among the planets, and its nearness and high reflecting powers combine to make it most conspicuous in fact. It is so brilliant it may be seen in a clear sky with the naked eye throughout the entire day by any one who knows just where to look for it.

"It is related by Arago that Napoleon Bonaparte, upon repairing to the Luxumbourg when the directory was about to give him a fete, was very much surprised at seeing the multitude which was collected in the Rue de Tourin pay more attention to the region of the heavens situated above the palace than to his person or to the brilliant staff which accompanied him. He inquired the cause and learned that these curious persons were observing with astonishment, although it was noon, a star which they supposed to be that of the conqueror of Italy, an allusion to which the illustrious general did not seem indifferent when he himself with his piercing eyes remarked the radiant body. The star in question was no other than Venus. Other instances of its observation in the daytime are recorded, some as a very early period—398 A. D., 984, 1008, 1014, 1715 and 1750.

She Was Too Good.

"Well, the cook's gone at last, John," said Mrs. B.

"Good. You must have had more courage than I gave you credit for to discharge her."

"I didn't do it. She discharged herself. I flattered her so about her cooking that she thought she was too good to stay in the country, and so she went."—Harper's Bazar.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal remin'scences of army life; all such are welcome.

The Battle of Nashville.

Editor Camp Fire:—In the Camp Fire of The Blade of February 8 appears a letter from a comrade of the 9th O. O. V. Art., partly descriptive of the battle of Nashville, Tenn., and an account of what occurred while following Hood's retreat, wherein the comrade undertakes to show how an Indiana battery got rattled. But, as I had but little knowledge of the movements of the batteries in that engagement, I am not prepared to approve or disapprove of his statements, and will leave that for others to show, whether or not the Indiana battery was so badly rattled, but will try to give some account of what occurred at the battle of Nashville and while we followed Hood's retreating and depleted army southward, as viewed from a cavalryman's standpoint.

My experience with Hood's army began at or near Franklin, Tenn., on the night of the terrible battle fought at that place, as Hood's army moved on Nashville. I remember that the regiment (4th Tenn. Cav.) to which I belonged was sent out from Nashville, where we had been stationed only a short time after our return from Decatur, Ala., as scouts and to watch the movements of the enemy. We were within a short distance of Franklin the night of the battle at that place.

I remember being on picket duty that night, and, judging from the roar and rattle of musketry, we could not have been more than a mile or so from the terrible battle which was raging there, which was kept up until a late hour in the night. The next morning, soon after daylight, we were in our saddles and on our way towards Nashville. The rebel skirmishers began firing on our rear, which was kept up during most of the day, when we discovered that we were about surrounded, and were oblized to save ourselves by taking to the woods, and late in the afternoon we arrived at Nashville and crossed the river, went into camp, and in a day or two we were sent to Galatin. After remaining at Galatin a few days, we returned to Nashville and went into camp on the Edgefield side of the river. During all this time, after our arrival at Nashville from Franklin, a constant cannonading from the forts was kept up. Old Fort Negley roared and thundered incessantly until the morning of the 15th of December, instead of the 14th, as our comrade of the 9th O. V. V. Art. states.

On the morning of the 14th our regiment was ordered across the river and out to near our breastworks, where we remained until the next morning, when our forces moved out and attacked the rebel forces in their own works. Soon after the battle began in earnest our regiment moved out, and was kept close up to where the battle was raging during the entire day, though we took no active part in the battle until the morning of the 16th. Our forces, during the first day of the battle, drove the enemy from a line of their breastworks, but did not get them thoroughly routed till late in the afternoon of the 16th.

Sometime during the second day of the battle (I suppose about noon) our regiment was ordered to dismount, and move forward to the top of a hill, or knob, which was steep and heavily covered with timber, where we entered into the battle in earnest. We kept up a continuous fire until late in the afternoon. And while we were thus engaged the infantry and artillery were doing bloody work just to the left, in an open field, which was one of the grandest sights I ever saw. The infantry were fighting in close contact with the rebel infantry. First one side would make a desperate charge, and then the other, while our artillery, which was formed in line on the hillside, apparently in the rear of our army, did effective work by rapid firing over the heads of our army and into the ranks of the enemy. If the 9th O. V. I. Art. battery was in the engagement, it is undoubtedly entitled to much praise.

Very late in the afternoon the rebel forces began a movement in the direction of our right flank; when we were ordered down the hill double quick. When we were about half way down the hill a stray shot from a rebel gun struck a comrade of my company, just above the knee. And as the comrade fell near my side, I was ordered by one of our officers to take him to the rear. And thus ended the second and last day's fight at Nashville.

By the time I, with the aid of another comrade, had got the wounded man back to where he could be cared for night came on us. We then made our way back to the regiment, which had gone into camp for the night. This was between the "Granny White" and Franklin pikes. Our camp that night was near the Franklin pike.

Early the next morning (December 17) we were in our saddles and in hot pursuit of the now rapidly retreating rebels. There were some cavalry regiments in front of us, and in passing through the gap of some ridges, some two or three miles before we reached Franklin, it being a cold, foggy morning, our forces could not, apparently, discover the rebel force stationed in the gap, until the rebels poured a deadly fire of musketry into the ranks of our men, killing and wounding quite a number of them. In a very few minutes we came on the scene, and of all the frightful scenes I ever beheld this was the most horrible. Those poor boys, some dead and some dying. All covered with mud, the blood freely flowing from their wounds, and their heartrending groans was enough to move and melt hearts of stone. Here my regiment was placed in front and were soon at Franklin. Here the rebel sharpshooters killed quite a number of our men. One case in particular, which I wish to mention, that of an officer of some of the regiments, and I think on General Hammond's staff (General Hammond was our brigade commander). Just as we arrived at the top of the hill overlooking the town a fragment from an exploded shell from the rebel guns struck the officer on the head, killing him instantly. We then moved on down the hill to near the river. The rebel sharpshooters were pouring lead into us, in a way which was by no means pleasant. But General Hammond gave command to follow him, and plunged into the river, but before we had reached the further bank the rebel forces were rapidly retreating again.—Joseph Griffitts, Company "F," Fourth Tennessee Cavalry.

In the Shenandoah Valley.

Editor Camp Fire:—Regarding the incident related by Comrade Dr. John T. Nagel, in The Blade of 8th inst. I notice that he states "the exact date to be July 18, 1864," and "the advance was composed of a brigade under Gen. Thoburn."

He says "the federal position was on the same side of a river—the Rappanhannock, I think—as the rebels." Now as the doctor seems to be in doubt as to the name of the river I will undertake to refresh his memory by substituting Shenandoah as the name of the river where the conflict he describes took place. The point is known as Snickers Ferry. I was engaged in that little disastrous unpleasantness between Col. Joseph Thoburn, 1st W. Va. Vol Inft., commanding a division and Gen. Rhodes. Was on the extreme right, and as the comrade says the whole rebel army seemed to have concentrated its forces at that point with a view of annihilation. We were forced into the river. There was an island at that point. The first stream was forded without difficulty, but the second was where many of our men were drowned.

I was in that river exposed, as were many of my comrades, to the merciless fire of the rebels. Getting into deep water and to enable myself to swim I was compelled to relieve myself of musket, knapsack and cartridge box. I reached the shore safely, grabbed a root and ascended the bank. That scene of death to so many brave boys is fresh in my memory.

I write this to give the doctor the correct name of the river, also to confirm what he says with reference to the position of the troops and the casualities.

Comrade T. H. Marks, late orderly sergeant Co. K, 12th W. Va. Inft., informs me that he witnessed a similar feat as that described by Comrade Nagel at the same time and place, also on the left of our division. He says "the colors of the 15th W. Va. Inft. were left on the field and a member of the 12th W. Va. Inft. went and brought them off."—George B. Crawford, late Co. G, 1st W. Va. Vol. Inft.

The Drummer and the Chickens.

Editor Camp Fire:—The winter before the seige of Port Hudson occurred, while the brigade of Gen. Godfrey Weitzel was in winter quarters at New Iberia, La., a forging party was detailed to get forage for the horses of the command. Among the volunteer details was the drummer of Co. E of the 114th N. Y. S. V. Strict orders had been issued for the soldiers not to forage for themselves. The foraging party proceeded about eight miles from camp, to a plantation, where the soldiers soon loaded the wagons with corn fodder and was about to return to camp when the drummer made his appearance with a lot of chickens tied together and thrown over his shoulder, when the following dialogue took place:

Colonel—"Did you know there was strict orders against foraging?"

Drummer (saluting officer)—"Yes, sir, but I did not forage these, I bought them."

Colonel—"Bought them?"

Drummer—"Yes, sir. I bought them of a darkey."

Colonel—"Where is the darkey? Bring him here. I'll see about this." The boys thought sure the drummer was in for it.

Off the drummer started for the negro quarters and was soon seen coming back with a darkey. Coming up to the colonel, he saluted him and said:

"Here, colonel, is the man that I bought the chickens of."

The colonel turned to the darkey and said: "Did this boy buy them chickens of you?"

Darkey—"Yes, sah dat young massa gib me two bits for dem chickens, and wen I comes to de camp he is gwine to gib me some coffee sides some tobacah."

Colonel—"I don't believe it."

Darkey—"Dats a fac', massa giniral. He dun bought dem chickens shuah."

Drummer—"Don't you think the darkey is telling the truth, colonel? I'll get his wife to swear to it if you will wait a moment"—starting to go towards the quarters again.

Colonel—"You get in that wagon there and if you get out before we get to camp I'll horsewhip you."

On the way to camp the drummer told the driver that he had confiscated the chickens, and had told the darkey that if he did not tell the colonel that he had sold them to him just as quick as they got back to camp that the colonel would have him shot for stealing. The darkey said, "all right, young massa, I won't let dem sojer men shoot you.' But he added tobacco and coffee. I had only told him to say that I had bought the chickens and paid two bits for them." That was the time that Col. Sam Perlee failed to get any chickens from the drummer.—E. M. Slawson.

After Price in Missouri.

Editor Camp Fire:—I will tell about our march from Memphis, Tenn., after Price in 1864. Our brigade consisted of the Tenth Missouri Cavalry, Third and Fourth Iowa Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Winslow, of the Fourth Iowa. We left Memphis the night of the 2d of September, '64, and by forced march got to Brownsville Station, Little Rock, Ark., and went into camp for ten days, then we marched to Cape Giradeau, Mo., and took transports to St. Louis and refited, then by hard marches came up with General Pleasant at the Little Blue. Part of our brigade took part in the engagement at Independence. Our regiment, the Tenth Missouri Cavalry, supported the skirmish line till it was so dark we had to stop, and lay on our arms all night. Next morning Colonel Winslow was wounded, and Colonel Benton took command of the brigade. In the evening our regiment charged a rebel command and started them, ending the fight for the day. We marched all the next day and night and came up with Price at the trading post, on the Osage river, he was routed out and he would form and fall back till he came to Mine creek. There he planted a battery so as to rake the ridge.

We were on the extreme left and charged the battery at once. Our regiment took five pieces. I think we made six charges that day. Our rations was left on the pack mules, and we had to do without anything to eat for two days and nights and fight all day at that. We were ready to take on a supply when the pack train came up, I think all the soldiers did their duty. Then we went to Fort Scott and procured supplies and went with General Curtis to the Arkansas river and returned to St. Louis. We marched 2,100 miles from the 2d of September to the 1st of December. Who can beat that for one march? Now, boys, let us hear from you and all that were on that trip.—Benj. Capps, Company H, Tenth Missouri Cavalry.

Followed the Black Flag.

Editor Camp Fire:—As I have not heard anything from the 47th Mo. Inft. I thought if I would stir the fire a little, maybe some of the boys might come up out of the woods.

Having seen in the Washington papers something about Gen. Joe Shelby, I call to mind that he was one of the gallant Confederates who thought they could take old Pilot Knob, Mo. I was one of that little handful who stood off Price and Shelby with 14,000 Butternuts. I did not get sight of Joe, but I saw the flag that he fought under. They were forced to come through a narrow gorge in columns, but when within 300 yards of the fort, the deployed columns and lined up for a charge, and the old battle flag they displayed was one of those black Fort Pillow kind. Gen. Fagan was in command of the line, the charge was ordered by him, but before it had moved five steps, the cloror-bearer and the black flag went down.

Another gallant Southerner seized it, and once more it fluttered in the breeze, a fit emblem of the cause.

But in less time than it takes to tell it, he went down to rise no more. We learned from some of their wounded men at this point they concluded not to start it again. Then it was that Gen. Fagan dismounted, and gave his horse to Col. Bashaw, to lead the charge, which he did like a soldier, but the colonel and his horse were both found dead on the field and the general's saddle fell into our hands.

What called for the black flag was the fact that we had twenty colored recruits in the fort. We repulsed the charge, and then retreated under cover of the night in the face of 12,000 or 14,000, though we had less than 600 all told, with a loss of five men killed and nine wounded.—M. P. C., Co. F, 47th Mo. Vol. Inft.

A Sharp Ankle Bone.

Editor Camp Fire:—In your soldier talks in last issue of The Blade reference is made to the antics of balls, shells, etc. Perhaps a little of my experience may be of interest to the vets.

I was wounded while under Burnside at the battle of Antietum, charged into the cornfield beyond the bridge; this was on the extreme left of the lines, and near the close of the fight of the 17th of September. Burnside fell back a short distance, leaving me with others wounded and dead between the Confederate pickets and their main lines, where I lay for nearly 40 hours, or until the Confederates fell back across the river; was then carried to a barn, then known as Otto's. The surgeon found that a ball had struck the right leg about half way from the ankle and the knee, and directly in front, or on the sharp part of the bone. The bone had split the ball in two equal parts, and one of these pieces was taken out on the inside, and the other on the back of the leg, having passed within about one-half inch of the surface. Talk about "sharp shin bones," and I hadn't been out long either. The cartridge was a "buck and ball"—that is, formed of a round ball with three buck shot in front. I received at the same time one of the buckshot in the other ankle, where it now is.

Your soldiers' column is interesting. Give us more of the camp-fire talks. The boys are growing old. They'll not tell their stories many years longer.—B. L. Burr, Co. G, 16th Connecticut Vol.

FRENCH DINNER BODICE.

This pointed corsage described by the Ladies' Pictorial is made entirely out of a wide Louis XVI. ribbon. Stomacher and

falling collar in point d'Angleterre; bracelets of pale blue silk muslin finish off the short puffed sleeves. Blue bow in the hair. Skirt in pink silk gauze, accordion pleated. Butterfly fan in lace and velvet.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,

For the Tired Brain,

from over-exertion. Try it.

The Paying Teller's Story.

"In our bank, you know," said the paying teller, "we never allow any cigarette smoking, and part of my business is to see that nobody comes into the bank with one of the vile things burning. Well, the other morning a young fellow came in with a note he wanted certified. He was a nice, country-looking sort of a boy, and must have been new at his business, as he wandered all around the bank before he struck my window. But as soon as he came up to me I caught the smell of a cigarette. 'Somebody is smoking a cigarette,' I thought to myself, 'and it must be that boy, though I don't see one in his mouth.' So I looked at him and said: 'Have you a cigarette?'

"'What, sir?' said the boy, as cool and fresh as a May morning.

"'Have you a cigarette?'

"'And before I could say another word that kid made a grab in his pocket, hauled out a box and stuck them in at my window, with the remark: 'Why, yes, cert'nly—help yourself!'

"Fresh? Well, I guess so!"—New York Tribune.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excesses will enclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No humbug, no deception. Address Mr. Thomas Barnes, Marshall, Mich.

A Manly Act.

Fannie—"Did you hear about that mistake Hattie Brown made last night?"

Clara—"No. What was it?"

Fannie—"She thought Mr. Vincent was her brother, whom she hadn't seen for a year, and she threw herself into his arms right before everybody."

Clara—"What a trying situation for Mr. Vincent!"

Fannie—"Yes, but he behaved like a man."

Clara—"How?"

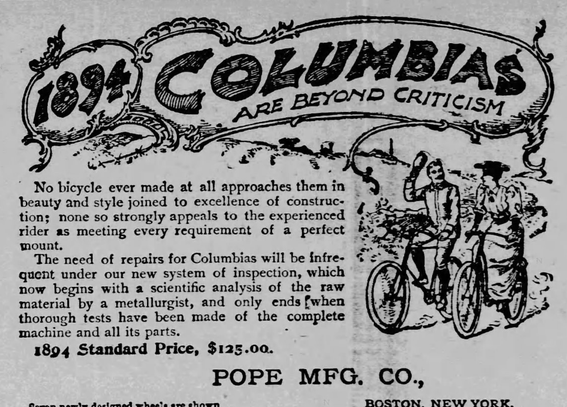
Fannie—"He kissed her."—Detroit Free Press.

An Independent.

Mr. Hardtack—So you want a job, eh? Are you a temperate man?

Mose Lincum—Well, sah, I'se kind ob a mugwump on de liquor question, Mr. Hardtack—What do you mean?

Mose Lincum—Well, sah, my principles is total abstinence—total abstinence, sah; but I takes a drink when I feels like it.—Judge.



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is one of the first good effects felt by users of Scott's Emulsion of cod liver oil with Hypophosphites. Good appetite begets good health.

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is a fat food that provides its own tonic. Instead of a tax upon appetite and digestion it is a wonderful help to both.

Scott's Emulsion arrests the progress of Consumption, Bronchitis, Scrofula, and other wasting diseases by raising a barrier of healthy flesh, strength and nerve.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

WOMAN'S TRIALS.

SOME LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

So Many Suffer Without Knowing Why. Much Can Be Avoided.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

So many feel the very life crushed out of them, wake up cheerful and happy, determined to do so much before the day ends, and yet:

Before the morning is very old, the fearful backache or bearing-down feeling attacks them, the bravespiritsinks back in affright; no matter how hard they struggle, the "clutch" is upon them, and they sink into a chair, crying, "Oh! why should I suffer so?

What can I do?"

The answer is ready, your cry has been heard, and a woman is able to restore you to health and happiness.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will stop your torture and restore your courage. All your pains come from a deranged uterus or womb.

It is the greatest of all rewards to receive such letters as the following from Miss Louise Müller, who lives at 44 Michigan Ave., in Evanston, Ill. She says:

"As I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and have thereby become entirely well,

I am recommending all my lady friends to use it. I am sure it will help them in all cases of womb trouble, leucorrhœa, irregular or painful "monthly periods." I am sure it is our best friend, I am so thankful to Mrs. Pinkham for the good she has done me, that I wish every sick woman in America would write to her at Lynn, Mass., and get her advice."

The Sunday School.

Wine a Mocker.

LESSON XI., MARCH 18, 1894.

Golden Text: Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 20: 1.

LESSON TEXT.

(Prov. 20: 1-7.)

1. Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

2. The fear of a king is as the roaring of a lion: whoso provoketh him to anger sinneth against his own soul.

3. It is an honour for a man to cease from strife: but every fool will be meddling.

4. The sluggard will not plough by reason of the cold; therefore shall he beg in harvest, and have nothing.

5. Counsel in the heart of man is like deep water; but a man of understanding will draw it out.

6. Most men will proclaim every one his own goodness: but a faithful man who can find?

7. The just man walketh in his integrity: his children are blessed after him.

Illustrative Applications.

Wine is a mocker (v. 1). Wine will take away the wits, but not the thirst. The one thing that wine promises to do, it fails to do. Wine can no more satisfy the thirst than can salt water. In either case the more one drinks the more one wants to drink. "Wine is a mocker."

Strong drink a brawler. There are more quarrels to the teaspoonful in a glass of strong drink than in any other liquid. A quart of whisky will get a whole neighborhood in a row. Fighting men and scolding women and ill-natured persons of all sorts, are brought into action by a brandy-bottle or rum-kettle. You can hear the sounds of strong drink doing its work in shouts and curses, while you are passing the house of those who are having "a good time" with the help of strong drink.

Whosoever erreth thereby is not wise. A man who expects to satisfy his thirst with wine, or to have a quiet time with his wife and neighbors over a whisky bottle, might be called venturesome, or rash, but he could not be called wise. Wisdom might prompt a man to let liquor alone, but wisdom would never lead him to expect results from liquor which are directly contrary to its uniform tendency.

It is an honor to a man to keep aloof from strife; but every fool will be quarrelling (v. 3). If two dogs are yelping in a fight, it is a call to every dog in the neighborhood to take a hand, or a jaw, in the squabble. It would be an honor to a dog to have character enough to mind his own business while a dog-fight was going on before his eyes; but every foolish dog will be joining in the quarrel. Why shouldn't a man show as much character as a wise dog when fights are going on that he can keep out of?

The slothful will not plow by reason of the winter; therefore he shall beg in harvest, and have nothing (v. 4). Wise forethought is less attractive, but more necessary, than pleasant after thought. The time to plan for a good harvest is before plowing time. If a boy would shine in his profession by and by, he must study hard in his school days. He who would have delightful memories in his later life, must do in his earlier life what will supply those memories when the time comes for them, even though it costs hard work and self denial now.

Most men will proclaim every man his own kindness; but a faithful man who can find? (v. 6.) Men think they know themselves better than others know them, especially on their best sides. Even if they don't want to boast of their good deeds, they think it no more than fair that others should know some of their better doings, instead of judging them harshly through ignorance. Therefore they give history, on one side at least, concerning themselves. But what of the other side of the story? How is that to come out? When a good New England minister was urged to write his autobiography as an inducement to young men, he replied, "No, my sons. I made up my mind long ago, that, if the Lord wouldn't tell the world what he knows about me, I wouldn't tell what I know about myself."—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

Life or Death?

It is of vital importance that it should be understood by persons whose kidneys are inactive, that this condition of things is fatal. Inactive state of the organs where life hangs in the balance. Bright's disease, diabetes, albuminuria are all diseases of a very obstinate character in their mature stage, and all have a fatal tendency. They often baffle the most practiced medical skill, and the most approved remedies of materia medica. But opposed at the outset—that is to say, when the kidneys begin to discharge their functions inactively—with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the dangerous tendency is checked. Very useful, also, is this household medicine for those ailments of common occurrence—constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia and nervousness. It is a safeguard against malaria and averts chronic rheumatism.

DO NOT GROW OLD.

Methods Adopted by Fair Ladies to Preserve Their Youth.

Sometimes, however, there is one in a generation who really does not grow old, whose complexion remains fresh, the eyes bright and the figure youthful far past the allotted time. Some years ago there was a famous old beauty in one of the Southern capitals who not only wore decollete ball dresses at 80, but actually possessed the lovely neck and arms they require. She was most innocently vain, and no wonder, for she was immensely flattered, and her townspeople valued her charms far above those of her younger and more beautiful rivals. She had a curious way of preparing for a ball, which our modern, fashionable women with their multitudious engagements, would find difficult to emulate. The morning before she proposed appearing in full regalia she would take a brisk walk and return in time for a midday dinner, after which she remained quiet with her work until about 3 or 4 o'clock, when she would retire to her bed, take a very hot "tisane" to induce perspiration and remain in bed (partaking of some light refreshment at the tea hour) until it was time to dress for her ball. Then she would get up, take a bath and make the most elaborate toilet. All the household regarded these preparations in the light of solemn rites, and would never have dreamed of laughing at them or interfering with them in any way. Her appearance was a triumph, never failing to excite the greatest admiration and adulation. —New York Tribune.

Religion in Ireland.

The latest census of Ireland shows that there are 3,949,738 Catholics and 1,188,686 Protestants in that island. Catholics are most numerous in the County of Cork. Protestants have the ascendancy in the County of Antrim. A little over 76 per cent of the entire population are Catholics. 12 per cent belong to the Church of Ireland, and 9 per cent are affiliated with the Presbyterians.

Force of Habit.

"Isn't that clock a little slow?" asked the man who was setting his watch.

"Possibly," replied the jeweler. "It just came in from Philadelphia."—Exchange.

Not Born Yesterday.

"I heard an alarm of fire, I think," he said in the theater, "and I must go out and see about it."

Returning after fifteen minutes.

"It wasn't a fire," he said shortly.

"Nor water," she said, still more briefly.—Exchange.

In the Zoo.

"I do not think you beautiful,"
The baboon rudly cried;
"The compliment, sir, is returned,"
The courtly ape replied.
—Harper's Young People.

MEN OF ALL AGES

may be cured. We treat all sexual disorders of men. Four out of five who suffer nervousness, mental worry, attacks of "the blues," are but paying the penalty of early excesses. The dread alarm of Impotency, the exhaustion of Spermatorrhœa, may be in *strict confidence* at *moderate expense*. Send for our *free* sealed book, "PERFECT MANHOOD."

CURED

ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE CROWN OF FAILURE.

When you have lived your life,
When you have fought your last good fight and won,
And the day's work is finished, and the sun
Sets on the darkening world and all its strife—
Ere the worn hands are tired with all they've done,
Ere the mind's strength begins to droop and wane,
Ere the first touch of sleep has dulled the brain,
Ere the heart's springs are slow and running dry—
When you have lived your life,
'Twere good to die.

If it may not be so,
If you but fight a fight you may not win—
See the far goal, but may not enter in—
'Twere better then to die and not to know
Defeat—to die amidst the rush and din,
Still striving, while the heart beats big and fast
With glorious life; if you must fail, at last,
Such end were best, with all your hope and all
Your spirits in its youth,
Then, when you fall.

Far better so to die,
Still toiling upward through the mists obscure,
With all things possible and nothing sure,
Than to be touched by glory and passed by,
To win, by chance, fame that may not endure,
That dies and leaves you living, while you survive
With wasted breath to keep its flame alive,
And fan, with empty boasts and proud regrets,
Remembrance of a past
The world forgets.
—A. St. J. Adcock, in Chambers's Magazine.

Tested by Time. For Bronchial affections, Coughs, etc., BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have proved their efficacy by a test of many years. Price 25 cts.

Bar-room Insurance.

At an inquest held the other day in England the evidence brought to light the queer fact that the dead man's life had been insured for $100 by the liquor dealer whose bar he chiefly patronized. No secret was made about the matter, it being perfectly fair and aboveboard, the liquor dealer only wishing to insure himself against the loss of business consequent on the death of a valuable customer. The practice is

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1894.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 100,000

COUPONS COMING IN.

We are already receiving quite a number of letters containing Coupon No. 2, each accompanied by $1 and the name of a new subscriber. These are, of course, the first pattering drops of the shower that will pour down upon us later.

We are glad to say we have received, within the past week, a very large number of letters with Coupon No. 1, from persons who clipped them from February numbers of The Blade. They are, we presume, persons who saw copies of the first four parts which had been obtained by friends or neighbors; and finding the beauty and value of the art series, at once set about securing the first four parts by getting The Blade a new subscriber at $1, and sending it with his name and address and Coupon No. 1. We expect to receive a great many more of No. 1, and trust readers will clip out that coupon from a February number of the paper for this purpose.

Here is what one of those who obtained the first four parts thinks of the art series:

Belmont, O., March 3.—Publishers Blade: —The first set of the portfolios received, and I am surprised to find them so complete in every respect. In selection and style of finish they are first-class, and certainly constitute a valuable premium. I should recommend every reader of The Blade to avail himself of this offer. The Nasby Letters also to hand. Viewed in the light of historical matter they form an amusing and instructive lesson on the follies, inconsistencies and mistakes of that great South Sea bubble, commonly known as the Democratic party. All young voters should read them. They contain matter enough of the right sort to confound any Democrat on the history of his party.
W. D. STRAHL.

MR. HEWITT'S ADDRESS.

The political sensation of the day in New York is the address of Abram S. Hewitt before the Southern Society of New York—whose membership is made up of Southern men residing in the metropolis. The address was largely impromptu, as Secretary Carlisle had been assigned the duty of making the address; but being unable at the last moment to be present, Mr. Hewitt was drafted to fill the vacancy. His speech gained in spontaneity and vigor, however, much more than it lost from lack of preparation.

Mr. Hewitt is an ardent opponent of Senator Hill, and he embraced the opportunity of having a distinctively Southern audience to criticise sharply the decadence of Southern statesmanship as indicated by the lower standard of Southern senators and representatives since the war era. He declared there has been great deterioration, and based his judgment on the fact that the Southern senators had recently "succumbed to the fallacy that a position on the bench of the Supreme Court is a purely local question, to be settled according to the demand made upon the President by some local politician"—a sentiment which was received with tremendous applause. Continuing, he said:

Go, gentlemen, and tell the men who are sent to Washington from the South today that Benton and Calhoun and Crawford and other great men of the South of olden time would have abandoned the high position of Senator and returned to their home in sackcloth and ashes sooner than have been degraded to the mere servitude of a man who is utterly without reputation and without character and without the right to speak for the great state of New York.

This led to renewed cheering, which was significant. Primarily, this was an expression of sympathy with Hewitt in his antagonism to Hill; but it involved also the indorsement of his condemnation of the post-bellum type of Southern statesman—which, by the way, is a most remarkable thing; for the peculiarity of the Southern man since the war has been to uphold anything and everything said or done by any Democrat from his own section. Perhaps, however, long residence in the mtropolis has broadened the minds of those Southerners who listened to Hewitt, and modified that intense and absurd provincialism which has been such a drawback to the progress of that section of the country.

PENNSYLVANIA, OFFICIAL.

The official returns from the election for Congressman at large in Pennsylvania are worthy of preservation, as they involve the record of the largest plurality ever given for any candidate in Pennsylvania, at least since the war era. The official figures are as follows:

Grow, Republican	485,804
Hancock, Democrat	267,926
Markley, Penna. Dem	8,823
Morrow, Prohibitionist	11,180
Lotter, Populist	5,827
Scattering	1,274
Grow's plurality	187,878
Grow's majority	167,234

The total vote is 804,574, which is 26,816 more than the total vote of the state at last fall's election. The Republican vote then was 56.8 per cent of the total vote, while now it is 60 per cent. The Prohibition vote is 10,178 less than it was last November, and the Populist vote 1,651 less. There is but little comfort in the returns to any enemy of Republicanism or of protection. In point of fact, one of that stripe who can get comfort out of it could extract sunbeams from cucumbers.

Lochren is carrying things with a high hand in the Pension bureau. In the deficiency bill passed last December, a proviso was inserted declaring a pension to be a vested right so far that it can not be suspended or taken away without thirty days' notice to the pensioner and information of the nature of the charges against him. But Lochren has paid no sort of attention to it. He has arbitrarily suspended pensioners without a hearing, despite this provision of law. The veterans will find out after a while that Democratic control means injustice and oppression to them.

MASONS AND SALOON KEEPERS.

The Blade has, time and again, pointed out that the temperance sentiment is steadily growing among the better classes of American people, and that its promotion is the true line of effective work for all enemies of the Rum Power, rather than the utterly impractical one of attempting to create a new party on this issue. Perhaps no more striking instance of the steady advance that is being made in temperance sentiment can be given than the history in Ohio of the action of the Masonic order with regard to the admission of liquor-sellers as members. As every one knows, this order is composed of an excellent class of citizens. Take the roll of Masons in any city or locality, and you will find it practically a list of the principal men of affairs, of influence and standing, in that place. Hence the action of the Ohio Masons shows the steady progress among the better class of citizens of this state of the belief that the men who engage in an occupation which is so destructive to the best interests of morality and social order shall be considered as excluded by their own action, from affiliation with all men pursuing honorable callings.

It will be remembered that the agitation in favor of putting an end to the reign of free rum in Ohio began in 1883, and resulted in the passage of the Pond law. Then followed the Scott law, and finally the Dow law, which is on the statute books at present. The free liquor period had lasted from the time of the adoption of the constitution of 1851. That instrument contains a clause which prohibits the granting of license to traffic in intoxicating liquors. It was thought that this would end liquor selling in Ohio, but it had exactly the opposite effect, and anybody who so desired sold liquor without let or hindrance, untrammeled by special taxes or by license laws.

Prior to 1883, the Masonic grand lodge of Ohio took no special action on the question of members selling intoxicants, and consequently that act was not a Masonic offense. In that year, however, the Grand Lodge took the first step in advance by declaring that the sale of intoxicating liquors, to be drank on the premises where sold, is inconsistent with the teachings of Masonry. This was modified in the following year, however, by a decision of the Grand Master of the state, which was approved by the committee on Masonic Jurisprudence, to the effect that there was no Masonic law making the mere selling of liquors an offense of itself, and that it was only unmasonic when sold in violation of the state statutes governing the sale of liquors.

The action of the Grand Lodge and the decision of the Grand Master may seem inconsistent with each other; but they are, nevertheless, consistent with the position the Masonic authorities have taken at different times on this subject, for the reason that the Grand Lodge had no special statute or law on the subject, and Masons were held to obedience to the statute of Ohio, which, in 1883, made it unlawful to sell liquor to be drank on the premises. This statute had, however, been repealed by the General Assembly when the Grand Master made the decision in 1884.

The decision of the Grand Master was followed by action of the Grand Lodge, which makes it a Masonic offense to engage in the traffic in intoxicants to be drank where sold. Hence it stands as the law of Masonry in Ohio that the traffic in intoxicating liquors to be drank on the premises, or for purposes other than medicinal and mechanical uses, is a Masonic offense, and any brother violating this rule is guilty of unmasonic conduct, and is a proper subject for Masonic discipline. This is in consequence of action taken by the Grand Lodge in 1850, and a decision of the Grand Master in 1891.

There is in this brief history a decided progress shown. This exclusion of saloon-keepers from membership is not confined to the Masons, nor to the state of Ohio. Masonic practice runs in the same channels in many other states, and there are other secret orders of large membership and great social influence which also exclude this class of people. The progress of all moral reforms is slow, yet sure; and surely this steady growth of sentiment among the excellent class of citizens who make up the membership of these orders is an encouraging sign to those engaged in the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

ABOUT TIDAL WAVES.

In 1892, Cleveland's plurality on the popular vote was 379,025. He had not a majority; that is, there were more voters who preferred some one else for President than those who preferred Mr. Cleveland. But this plurality, in the aggregate vote of 44 states, is already nearly wiped out by the recent elections in only eight states. Some of these showed Republican gains, and some Democratic losses. The table is as follows:

Iowa, 1893, Republican gain	9,391
Maryland, 1893, Democratic loss	1,636
Massachusetts, 1893, Republican gain	9,696
Nebraska, 1893, Republican gain	1,990
Ohio, 1893, Republican gain	79,923
Pennsylvania, 1894, Republican gain	122,253
Virginia, 1893, Democratic loss	4,140
New York, 1893, Republican gain	76,092
Total	300,040
Cleveland's plurality	379,025
Yet remaining	78,985

This will soon be overcome by the elections to come, before the general November contest. Rhode Island and Louisiana will vote in April, Oregon in June, Alabama in August, Maine, Vermont and Arkansas in September, and Georgia in October. The Republican tidal wave next November will dwarf the Democratic one of 1892, as Mount Tacoma dwarfs a molehill.

The Boston Journal recalls the fact that the great expounder of the constitution, Daniel Webster, contended that one of the chief, if not the chief, purposes for which the Revolutionary war was fought, and our independence won, was to make it possible to protect American industry against the crushing competition of British manufacturers. It is the irony of fate that a hundred years afterward it should be deliberately proposed by men who call themselves Americans to take a foreign commercial yoke again upon their necks, after a full trial of the policy of protection has raised the United States to the place of the foremost manufacturing nation on the globe.

The net increase in the public debt during February was $40,064,215. The rule the past twenty years and more, under Republican administrations, was to report monthly a substantial decrease. The piling up of debt is another of the effects of the "change" for which the people voted in the fall of 1892.

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

Read the Announcement of Our Grand Premium Offer.

On the seventh page will be found the announcement of the most important premium offer ever made by The Blade—and one that is most welcome, not only to our subscribers, but to the people at large, who have ben asking for the "Nasby Letters" in book form for many years. We have spent much time and labor on this book, besides the great aggregate expense of printing and binding so many thousand copies. We hope that every subscriber will renew and get a copy under this offer.

A few weeks before the expiration of your subscription, you will receive a postal card, which if returned with one dollar for your renewal will be received as a due-bill for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," which will be sent postpaid, free of all charge. We do this in order to facilitate our work in entering names and sending the book. It takes far less labor to care for each month's renewals during that month than to let them run over into the next month.

Of course, we shall take care of new subscribers at the time they order. We can not send them postal card due-bills, nor fix a time wherein we prefer to receive their orders; but any new subscriber who sends us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year, and asks for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," will have his order filled as soon as it is received. If you do not mention that you want the book, we shall consider that you do not want it. Send in your orders!

EFFECT OF HARD TIMES.

The annual report of the New York bureau of labor statistics is just issued, and contains a tabulation of the answers to the following inquiries, addressed by the commissioner to the manufacturers of the Empire State:

1. Did the recent and present hard times cause a suspension of work in your manufacturing establishment?
2. If so, has your workshop been closed entirely or partially?
3. If partially, what percentage of your employes were kept at work?
4. Were they employed upon the half-time system?
5. For how long a period were your works closed?
6. Was there any reduction in wages on account of the business depression, and, if so, what percentage?
7. At the time your works closed did you have orders ahead sufficient to keep them running provided the banks would render you the usual dis ounts and assistance?

To these inquiries 2,011 manufacturing concerns returned replies, engaged in the different branches of 64 general lines of industry. Of these, 1,541 reported that they were affected by the hard times, 199 declaring that their works had been entirely closed. Ten hundred and eighty-seven establishments were partially closed. Two hundred and fifty-five manufactories were closed both partially and entirely, that is, they were totally shut down for a time then partially opened with a reduced labor force or on short-working time or vice versa.

Briefly, according to the reports made to the bureau from 54 industries, 36 establishments were closed one week; 82, two weeks; 57, three weeks; 47, four weeks; 71, one month; 72, six weeks; 92, two months; 85, three months; 23, four months; 26, five months; 17, six months; five, seven months; and five, eight months. The establishments still closed number 98, according to the official returns.

In response to the question, 494 establishments reported that they had reduced wages, while 1,480 replied that they had not, and 57 failed to answer. The clothing industry represents the largest percentage in the reduction of wages, which ranges from 4 to 66 2-3 per cent.

In the blank furnished by the bureau to the manufacturers of the state the question was specifically asked: "If works were partially closed were your employes employed upon the half-time system?" The answers showed considerable variance as to the time the workers were employed. Eight hundred and thirty-five establishments, covering 57 separate and distinct industries, with their various subdivisions, answered the question. They stated that shortened working hours were arranged in many instances by the employes, and mutually agreed upon by the employers, to offset reductions in the number of employes if full time prevailed or was insisted upon, and, according to the returns, was an amicable medium that avoided possible complications from reduction of wages or decrease of the working force, and made the interests of employe and employer identical to meet the business depression.

Forty-eight manufacturers reported that orders were canceled by the dealers. Ninety-three manufacturers failed to reply to the above question. Four hundred and fifty-four manufacturers reported that they were not closed during the business depression. Manufacturers of clothing were the greatest sufferers from the lack of orders, 370 reporting no orders ahead when they closed, while 34 had sufficient orders ahead to keep them going when they shut down. Sixty-nine clothing manufacturers reported that they did not close.

These statistics tell the story of the blighting influence of Democratic supremacy in the national government. The worst feature of it is that the hard times are absolutely needless, and could have been avoided by the simple policy of letting well enough alone. What is true of the state of New York is true to a greater or less degree of every other state in the Union. The people are paying dearly for putting any faith in the Democratic party.

The proposition has been made in the India council to impose a general five per cent ad valorem duty on all imports except cotton goods, and including silver bullion. This appears to be necessary in order to meet the deficit in the revenues of the Queen's Indian empire, due primarily to the depreciation of the silver rupee.

The American buggy is superseding the heavy and cumbrous vehicles of home make in European cities. The light and graceful, yet strong, Yankee type of vehicle is in high favor with our cousins across the water. In the course of the next century they will go to making them, probably.

Ex-Governor Foraker says if McKinley were running for the Presidency now, he'd have 100,000 plurality. Perhaps more.

Italy may become a republic, and it is safe to say the Vatican will not rule it, if it does.

THE HAWAIIAN REPORT.

There never has been, within our recollection, a Congressional report which in so many respects resembles a crazy quilt as that of the Senate committee on the Hawaiian matter. The report is of little value to the people, because they have already passed their judgment upon the matter—and it is overwhelmingly against the administration. The only interest the committee report might have, was in its possible effect upon Congress. This will certainly be nothing, because of its variegated texture. First comes the report of the majority of the committee, signed by one Democrat and four Republicans. Next follows the addendum thereto by those four Republicans in which they go further than their lone Democratic colleague was willing. Then comes the minority report of the four remaining Democrats, and the end comes in the report of the one member of the committee who is in favor of the annexation of Hawaii to the United States. He must indeed be an odd fish who can not find in some one of these four a statement which covers his own personal views of the matter.

Of course, the majority report, to which the Democratic chairman of the committee on Foreign Affairs, Senator Morgan, gave his adhesion, is the one which carries weight, and upon which the action of the Senate will hinge. The important point in this is that it justifies Minister Stevens in his ordering the landing of American troops to protect the persons and property of our citizens in Honolulu, on the sure ground that there was no government in power to give them the protection needed. The islands were in the throes of a revolution; the queen had, in fact, if not in empty form, vacated her office when she attempted, two days before, to overthrow the established constitution, and replace it by one more suited to her own barbaric ideas. Her attempt to subvert the instrument through whose authority alone she ruled, was rebellion against the source of her legitimate sovereignty, and an attempt to make her the autocrat of Hawaii. Her own act, in the opinion of a majority of the committee, absolved the Hawaiian people from her rule; for their allegiance (like that of the queen) was to the organic law of the land, and not to the person of Liliuokalani.

The cogency of this reasoning is apparent to all. The queen was herself a rebel, without the support of the law-abiding portion of the people. There was no head to the government. As Senator Morgan's report says, "the result was, an interregnum existed." The country was in a state of civil war, without adequate authority to protect life and property. Therefore it was not only the right, but the duty of Minister Stevens, to respond to the request of American citizens residents in Honolulu, and land a force to protect them and their possessions.

This portion of the report entirely knocks the props from under the theory upon which Cleveland and Gresham acted. When it is admitted that the queen had destroyed her own sovereignty by her own act, that there existed an interregnum wherein there was no constitutional head of the government, and that the landing of the American marines had nothing whatever to do with the accomplishment of the revolution and the formation of the provisional government, there is no longer any tenable ground upon which Cleveland and his cuckoo Secretary of State can stand. No matter how much the report may gloss over the President's course, there is no logical way in which he can be sustained, in view of the position just ennunciated.

The addendum to the majority put by the four Republicans who joined Morgan therein, goes further on minor points then that gentleman was willing to keep them company. They declare that Blount's appointment as "My commissioner" was unconstitutional, as it was made without "the advice and consent of the Senate," though that body was in session at the time it was made—a position perfectly clear and sound to everybody but cuckoos. They assert also the patent fact that Cleveland had no right to interfere in the domestic concerns of Hawaii unless invited so to do by both parties to the dispute, and that the provisional government neither invited nor consented to his intermeddling. Hence they blame him, as is perfectly correct; but Mr. Morgan could not find it consistent with his party duty, as he saw it, to agree with them on these points.

The report of the minority of four Democratic members is simply the song of the cuckoo. Cleveland is the Consecrated One, who can do no wrong, and all that he undertakes is to be "taboo" to all other mortals. They sing the praises of Grover the Stubborn and Gresham the Bigoted, and denounce Minister Stevens for doing the same thing for which Admiral Benham received the praises of every American citizen—for protecting the persons and property of our fellow-citizens at a critical time when the local authority was powerless so to do.

The tenor of this report, patchwork though it be, shows that the Hawaiian episode is ended, so far as this administration is concerned. It is impossible, in the face of it, for Congress to take any steps to carry out the absurd policy of restoring the old queen; for it could only be done by war, and Congress is not foolish enough to authorize a war to enable Gresham and Cleveland to display their intense hatred of Benjamin Harrison and the acts of his administration.

It is childish to expect any great political party to command public confidence that has not a policy on the tariff and the currency which, when occasion serves, it is ready to enforce. The country is now witnessing the spectacle of a party in power, but divided in sentiment on these two great public questions. It has really no policy which commands the undivided support of its voters or its leaders.

The bill to consolidate the cities of New York and Brooklyn has passed both branches of the New York legislature, but the consolidation is as yet by no means completed. As passed, the measure provides simply for submitting the question of consolidation to the citizens of New York and Brooklyn. The vote is intended to serve as a basis for legislative action, next year.

It is probably simply one of those queer coincidences we sometimes see that while the grand jury in New York is investigating Tammany frauds, Richard Croker, the boss of Tammany, is traveling in the extreme Southwest, along the Mexican border.

A Maine cat swallowed a live chameleon, and that cat will never come back.

THE GRAND OLD MAN.

To-day at noon Mr. Gladstone formally resigned the office of Prime Minister of England—the highest position any Englishman can hold, save that of the monarch. The Premier wields even greater power than the throne itself, for the Queen is guided in affairs of state by his counsel, and though the voice is that of the monarch, the words are those of the Prime Minister.

William Ewart Gladstone is a wonderful man. Four times he has been Prime Minister, thrice being compelled to relinquish his office through the mutations of English politics, and now resigning it voluntarily. On December 23 last he was 84 years old. The mere statement of this fact shows his wonderful vitality and the extraordinary vigor of his constitution. Few men reach so advanced an age, and it is still more rare to find an octogenarian in the possession of his full mental vigor, and able to sustain the vast burden of the cares of state of the British empire.

Gladstone is worthy to inscribe his name high upon the long roll of statesmen who have controlled the destinies of that mighty empire upon which the sun never sets; but his career as Premier has not covered any great history-making epoch. He is a great financier, twice holding the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord John Russell declared his address, on introducing his celebrated budget in 1853, "to contain the ablest exposition of the true principles of finance ever delivered by an English statesman."

When he succeeded Disraeli as Premier, in 1868, he carried through a series of reforms remarkable in their way, embracing the disestablishment of the Irish church, the abolition of the purchase of commissions in the British army, the Irish land act of 1870, and the abolition of confiscation as a punishment in the English code. During this administration the treaty of Washington was made with this country, by which the Alabama claims were settled through the Geneva tribunal of arbitration. His later projects, embracing Home Rule for Ireland, and reforms in parish government, are familiar to all. Not one of the great measures that he has advocated or carried out was as brilliant, for instance, as the theatrical coup of Disraeli in having the title of Empress of India conferred upon the Queen of England; but he has done more to reform ancient abuses, to liberalize the laws and government of England, and to give to the masses of the English people their proper voice in governmental affairs, than any of the long line of English Prime Ministers.

His fame as a statesman is secure, and his name is a household word with the common people. He will take his place among those who have benefited and elevated the people, and his services have been more valuable to England than those of many who have added to her empire or conducted long and bloody wars in her interest. His foreign policy has always been weak; his administration of home affairs wise and beneficial. May he live long to enjoy the love and respect of the nation for which he has done so much!

PREMIER ROSEBERY.

Archibald Philip Primrose, Earl of Rosebery, succeeds Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister of England and leader of the Liberal party. It is somewhat paradoxical to see Lord Rosebery, one of the 118 earls of the kingdom, "Born in the purple," and a member of the House of Lords by right of birth, succeed to the leadership of a party which has just been committed, by Gladstone's last speech as Premier in the House of Commons, to the abolition of the House of Lords. But the paradox is but seeming. Young, wealthy, brilliant and ambitious, Rosebery sees that the old order must change; and he prefers to be Premier of England and the leader of the great progressive party with which he is affiliated, to the empty honor of being a hereditary legislator—an honor, too, which he can see will be swept away by the advancing tide of political progress.

The extreme radicals among the Liberals were very much opposed to Rosebery's appointment as Prime Minister, on the ground that he is a member of the House of Lords, which his party is determined to abolish; but the wiser heads of the party know that this is rather an advantage to the party than a drawback; and Rosebery's personality will draw to his support many of his old friends among the Liberal Unionists, and thus make the Liberal tenure of power safer. And it is not to be denied that the party in the Commons needs all the aid thus possible to obtain, as the warring factions may imperil its control of the government. Stormy times are ahead for Rosebery, but he is the best fitted man in the Liberal ranks for the leadership. Popular with the masses, he enjoys the confidence of the classes; he has tact and skill, a fund of humor, great executive ability, and the sagacity of a trained diplomat. All he needs is time to conciliate the disagreeing elements in his own party, to inspire cohesion and confidence, and formulate a policy; given that, he will succeed, and become one of the greatest of living Englishmen.

THE GOVERNOR'S VETO.

We are glad to note that a movement is on foot looking to the submission to the popular vote of a constitutional amendment giving the governor of Ohio the veto power. This is a step which should have been taken long ago. Where the governor's veto stops a really wise or proper measure, it blocks a dozen unworthy ones. Discreetly used, this power is one of the safe-guards against unwise legislation, rushed through under the stimulus of excitement, or stealthily pushed ahead without its real nature being fully understood.

The veto power of the governor of Ohio was taken away when Gen. Arthur St. Clair vetoed a bill to reduce his perquisites, and signed another bill to give himself a salary, so that he received both salary and perquisites. The result was that Ohio took the veto power away from the governor and never restored it. The governor ought assuredly to have this power. He would be more than a figure head then.

And now the story goes that Secretary Carlisle has been paying his domestic servants out of the United States Treasury, and that he has three times as many as any of his predecessors. The Secretary's excuse is that "the other fellows did it." Rather a thin excuse for stealing from the public funds.

"The pope is opposed to the new taxation bill in Italy," says the telegraph. How does he stand on the Wilson bill?

THE ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.

Farmer Innet—Is this ther accommodation train?
Conductor—Yes, sir.
Farmer Innet—Well, er, can yer accommodate me with five dollars? A feller in the city borrowed all I had until next Thursday.

THE "VACUUM" BILL.

The Bland seigniorage bill, which has passed the House, has been nicknamed "the vacuum bill," as its purpose is to represent in our circulation a non-existent quantity—the "seigniorage" on the silver bullion now stored in the Treasury. If that bullion were all coined into silver dollars of the present weight and fineness, it would make about $55,000,000 more than we paid for it. But as bullion it is not worth what it cost by something like $29,000,000.

The bill as it passed was Bland's substitute for his original bill. The first section provides for the coinage of the so-called seigniorage into silver dollars "as fast as possible." Then the new second section reads as follows:

After the coinage provided for in the first section, the remainder of the silver bullion in pursuance of the act of July 14, 1890, shall be coined into legal tender standard silver dollars as fast as possible, and the coin shall be held for redemption of the Treasury notes issued against such bullion. As fast as the bullion shall be coined for the redemption of said notes, the notes shall not be reissued but shall be canceled in amounts equal to the bullion received from coinage herein provided for and silver certificates shall be issued on such coin in the manner now provided for by law; provided that this act shall not be construed to change existing law relating to the legal tender character or mode of redemption of existing Treasury notes under the act of 1890.

That is to say, the $55,000,000 of seigniorage shall be coined first, and then the remainder of the bullion in the Treasury. As fast as the latter is coined, the Treasury notes of 1890, issued for the purchase of silver bullion, shall not be reissued when they come into the Treasury in the course of business, but shall be withdrawn and silver certificates of the same kind as are now in circulation shall be issued against the newly-coined silver dollars. The latter are not expected to leave the Treasury. The experience of years has shown that only some $60,000,000 of these coins will remain permanently in the hands of the people. Every effort to push out more has been followed by their prompt return to the Treasury, in payments of duties and internal revenue taxes.

Not even the seigniorage, which is to be coined first, is expected to go into circulation in the form of coin. An issue of $55,000,000 of silver certificates is provided for in the first section, and the seigniorage, when coined, is to be held against them. We shall now see whether the prediction of Representative Stone, of Pennsylvania, made on the floor of the House just before the passage of the bill, will be verified. He called attention to the fact that the substitute as drawn gave authority to issue silver certificates in advance of the coinage to the amount of $55,000,000. "If you advertise this fact to the country and the fact that they are exchangeable under the recent decision of Attorney General Olney for nothing except silver dollars," said Mr. Stone, "a panic will be caused in this country."

DEMOCRATIC "PROTECTIONISTS."

The notable feature of the situation in the Senate regarding the Wilson bill is that Hill, Brice, and others, are endeavoring to keep certain articles off the free list, and to have such a duty imposed thereon as will be protective. It is notable, too, that a portion of the Democratic press of the states which they represent is supporting them in their efforts. And so energetic are they in the work, that it begins to look as though they will succeed in their efforts.

But though they do, this will destroy the injurious qualities of the Wilson bill only so far as a few industries are concerned. These senators are acting a purely selfish part. They are merely taking care of the industries in which their own states are largely interested, and paying no attention to any other. They are protectionists only that far. "Protection for what my state produces, and free trade in everything else," is the maxim upon which they are acting.

The Republican position is the only tenable one—to protect any and all industries, South as well as North, West as well as East. The old distinction between the parties crops up in this matter—the Democrats looking only to the selfish interests of a state, the Republicans taking the nation as the unit.

WHY TIMES ARE HARD.

"There is no way to put money in circulation except through wages paid. Issuing government bonds doesn't make circulation. The laborers must earn it and spend it, and that will make it flush. The statisticians say the 20,000,000 laboring people in this country earn when they are at work from $30,000,000 to $40,000,000 a day. The Wilson tariff bill will cut these wages from 10 to 25 per cent. The 10 per cent cut on $40,000,000 will be a loss of $4,000,000 a day to laboring men, or $1,200,000,000 in a year. A 25 per cent cut in wages will take $3,000,000,000 out of circulation. One-third of our labor is idle now. The idleness is costing us probably $10,000,000 a day. I do not wonder that the times are hard and that money is tight. There is money enough in the banks. They are glutted, but labor isn't getting it. It will stay there till labor gets it out."—Hon. Thomas B. Reed.

It is to be hoped that the light will be kept burning in the torch of the Statue of Liberty, on Bedloe's island, New York harbor. Since McKane's conviction the light means a good deal in that section.

If it were a Republican President who went duck-hunting down on the North Carolina coast, how the Democratic papers would have howled about his neglect of public business!

Princess Colonna says her husband threw a bottle at her. His wrath must have been uncorked.

"THE FOUNDATIONS OF FINANCE."

The safety and perpetuity of the Republic depends upon the intelligence of the voters. Ignorance is the only hold demagogy can have upon them. The people's hearts are right; they desire to support the measures best for the whole country; but if their heads are wrong—if they are misled by false logic, or are mistaken as to facts through ignorance, they may endanger the prosperity—nay, the very life—of the nation.

Our civilization is the result of many centuries of progress. Slowly the race has climbed from ignorance to intelligence, and through experience it has framed the present social and political fabric. Whatever the issue raised before the American people, the first question asked should be, "What has been the experience of the past in this particular?" Whatever lesson the past contains is valuable, as it certainly tells us what to avoid, and in what direction the path of true progress lies.

The Blade proposes to discuss the financial question from this standpoint—that of the experience of the past. We propose to show the beginnings of wealth, and of its representative, money; to trace, in clear and concise language, the history of money, and of its varied substitutes, and to give, in compact form, the principles which have been found sure by the experience of centuries, and on which all financial authorities are agreed. It will form an invaluable text-book on finance, and worth many times its cost to every intelligent voter. It will be absolutely non-partisan politically, and the mistakes that have been made in our national finances will be clearly pointed out, no matter what party was responsible for them. The series will be printed exclusively in The Blade, and will be begun in a few weeks, of which due notice will be given.

DEMOCRATIC ORGAN KICKS.

The appointment of Senator White to the Supreme bench has stirred up the New York Democrats in a most bitter way. The Cleveland faction are especially exasperated, part of them because the course of Hill lost the appointment to a New York man. But there are plenty of them who are angry over the appointment from other reasons, and regard it as a blunder on the part of the President. The Brooklyn Eagle represents this class. It is a clean and courageous Democratic paper, which has hitherto supported Cleveland and his policy through thick and thin. Now, however, it declares that the appointment of White is "politically as much of a blunder, from the standpoint of loyalty as a principle, and of wisdom as a policy as it is publicly an offense.

The Eagle objects to White because he is an ex-Confederate. It declares itself without any reserve, saying: "There was a war. There is a North. In that war the North was everlastingly right as well as overwhelmingly triumphant. By reason of the disloyal record of this man in the past, his appointment for this loyal circuit is offensive and outrageous." These are strong and patriotic words for a Democratic paper in these days of subservience of that party to the arrogant Southern element, and it is a pleasure to find one organ of that party which is neither a doughface nor a mudsill. The Eagle closes its article as follows:

For the president personally we feel, and toward him personally we would show entire loyalty. Politically and officially however, this action brings him and the Eagle to the parting of the ways, and principles, not individuals alone, determine this paper's course in such a situation. Those who have stood by principles with him will stand by principles without him. They will not stand by him without them. Nor will they find effective cause or incentive for future adhesion in the outcome of a ruled judge for a loyal state, thanks to the purblindness of the let us hope, temporary aberration of the reason or conscience of a president in whom we should not like to say that the spirit of a New Yorker, of a New York Democrat and a New York lawyer was as wholly lacking as the sense of obligation, gratitude or forethought seems to be. The tariff reform programme of the present administration should be tenderly cherished, for the rest of its policy seems to have floated down the Potomac to the sea and down the sea to the far away from the ken and confidence, the recognition and the respect of those who had the honor of making the administration which appears to be successfully unmaking itself.

Mr. Pence, of Colorado, ventured into prophecy in his speech in the House, when he warned ex-Speaker Reed that the next President of the United States would be elected by the Fifty-fourth House, and that when the time came he would rue the day he had filibustered against the Bland silver bill. We doubt whether Pence will be permanently enrolled among the political prophets.

Since Abram S. Hewitt scored the Southerners at the Southern society banquet, the split between the Northern and Southern wings of the Democracy has been rapidly growing.

Mrs. Chaska, who married an Indian, finds life more pleasant without him. There is a lesson for the parents of young girl teachers of the Chinese in this Chaska incident.

A bill is before the Massachusetts legislature to prevent actresses from appearing in tights. Do the Solons of the Bay State want the girls to freeze to death?

Peter M. Arthur says he courts investigation. Arthur is now just as foxy as he was twenty years ago.

SOME PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The Emperor of Germany has appointed Professor Seller, of the Berlin University, and classical historian, privy councilor, with the title of "excellency."

The Shah of Persia is a photographer of no mean skill. In his travels about his domain he takes a camera, which he uses on any bit of landscape striking his fancy.

Felix Dahn, the German historian, lawyer and poet, recently celebrated his 60th birthday in Breslau. He received congratulatory communications from celebrated men of the empire.

William H. Mills, of San Francisco, has two volumes written by John Wesley, the father of Methodism, entitled "Wesley's Philosophy." They are rare books and greatly prized by their owner.

Paderewski says he has made all the money he needs and hereafter will devote his time to composition. He hasn't, however, enough money to induce him to get his hair trimmed.

The young King Alexander is awkward and exceedingly modest. At a recent state ball given in Belgrave the young ladies danced with him not because they wanted to but because he was a King.

"Christus," Rubinstein's new sacred opera, is shortly to be given its initial performance at Breslau, and because of the subject treated applause or demonstration of any nature will be strictly forbidden.

The Sultan of Turkey is a high liver. His kitchen costs the empire $2,000,000 a year, and his dishes, the daintiest a chef can prepare, are sealed by Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, and unsealed again in the sultan's presence.

The Duke of Fife, though he started life with a fortune, has steadily added to it. Stock in a London concern which he purchased some years ago at $150 a share is now sold at $4,000 a share. He whistles and money comes to him.

More than a hundred persons have asked for the custody and future charge of Anarchist Vaillant's little girl, Sidonie. As many of the requests are from "aristocrats," the anarchists have promised to provide for and educate her in the faith of her father. The girl's fate is yet undecided.

King Humbert of Italy has just signed a decree providing for the military honors to be accorded to the dignitaries of the church of Rome. Under this decree cardinals have precedence over everybody else in the kingdom except the reigning family. The military honors accorded them are the same as those given to an admiral or general. A bishop ranks as a rear admiral.

Manager Daniel Frohman was visited not long ago by a member of temperance women, who wanted him to cut out a convivial scene in a play then running at his theater. When he told them he would be glad to accommodate them, but to cut the scene would ruin the play and cost him a large sum of money, they looked him in the face and said that they knew that, but that they were not trying to save plays but to save souls.

W. Martin Conway, who is lecturing at the Royal Institution in London, on his recent explorations in the Himalayas, has traversed more ground in those perilous regions than any other explorer. Although his journeyings have covered over 3,000 miles, he says that the portion of country which he explored, compared with the mountainous region that has not yet been touched, is as the size of a postage stamp to a large quarto page.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. Cleveland's favorite jewel, it is said, is a rose leaf spray of diamonds, a wedding gift from Mr. Whitney.

The Queen of Greece is president of a sisterhood devoted to the education of orphans, and she personally visits prisoners.

Mrs. William Howard Hart, of Troy, N. Y., is to erect a fine building for the Young Men's Christian Association of that city.

Mme. MacMahon, widow of the late ex-President of France, has sold her residence in Paris and removed to the country.

Della Sloane, who died recently in Washington, had occupied clerical positions under the government for almost forty years.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, wife of the Standard Oil magnate, teaches a class of young men of which her son, John D., Jr., is a member.

Mrs. Culbertson, the librarian of the New Orleans State Library, has held the position for eighteen years, in which time she has translated numerous volumes from the French.

Mrs. John Sherwood, the well-known newspaper writer, has started a metropolitan organization called the Kind Word. It aims to help girls and poor women to get work in big cities.

Queen Victoria has a fondness for relics of her girlhood, and to this day, for example, uses to cut the pages of new books an ivory paper cutter that was given to her when she was a little princess.

Mme. Schliemann, wife of the late famous archæologist, is superintending the excavations now being made among the ruins of ancient Troy, in accordance with a promise she made to her late husband.

Miss Maud Coleridge, niece of the English Lord Justice, has attracted attention in London social and art circles by her clever albeit amateur pastel portrait work, now a fashionable fancy in London.

Mrs. Mattie H. Griffin, of St. Paul, has sued Mr. Joseph York for commissions for $236,000. She worked for the company for two or three years on commission. This shows how valuable a woman's services sometimes are.

Mrs. Laura M. Johns, president of the Woman's Relief Corps of Kansas, gives her entire time to the interest of the cause she represents. She is on the road practically all the time traveling through Kansas.

Mrs. Leland Stanford, it is said, will spend as one of the leading women of this century when the full story of the crisis in the affairs of the Stanford University, through which she passed, will become well known.

The Czarina of Russia, forgetful of her own serious attacks of the grip, nursed back to life with her own hands her third son, the Grand Duke Michael. A mechanic's fire broke out in the palace or in the peasant's home.

Amelia E. Barr, the novelist, who through long years of brain wearying effort has risen to a front rank as a writer of fiction

Publishers' Column.

WATERPROOF OVERCOATS.

The Mackintosh Brought Within the Means of Every One.

The "mackintosh"—a thin cloth coat impervious to rain—is universally used abroad as an overcoat for winter, spring and autumn. It is infinitely superior in wet weather to the ordinary "rubber" coats, clammy and cold.

The "mackintosh" is a regular spring overcoat of fine quality so far as appearances go and only the wearer knows that it is perfectly waterproof and warmer than an ulster.

The ordinary cost of a mackintosh ranges from $16 to $35; but one of the American manufacturers has agreed to sell ssigie coats to subscribers of The Blade at the wholesale price per thousand, and this reduction brings the cost

of an excellent coat to about one-half the usual retail price. The offer is limited to two colors and two grades, and to sizes (bust measurement) ranging from thirty-six to forty-six inches. Each coat is fifty-three inches long, with a detachable cape twenty-four inches long, of double texture goods, the lining being a handsome plaid. They are made of fine materials and in the best manner. They will not grow hard or stiff, and are first-class in every respect.

The dark-blue coat is of very fine cloth, ribbed, not all wool, but very handsome, and the price, including delivery to any express office in the United States, is $8.85.

The black coat is made from a fine wool, smooth-surface cloth that is less showy than the blue, but will give the best of service. The price, including delivery to any express office in the United States, is $9.85. Coats of different sizes will be made to order for $2 extra.

In ordering care must be taken to send the correct breast measurement, as exchanges can not be made. All remittances must be sent to The Blade, Toledo.

LADIES' WATERPROOFS.

This waterproof is single texture cloth, made in Inveress shape, as shown in the cut. The Inverness is the only style which can be worn with the latest fashions in ladies' gowns—with shoulder puffs and the new sleeves. This waterproof is sleeveless, with a long cape, covering the

arms and buttoning in front. This cape is prettily lined with an appropriate color of cloth. They are carefully stitched and thoroughly vulcanized, so they are unaffected by any climate.

We can furnish them in two colors—either in black diagonal or navy blue diagonal. In ordering state whether you want black or blue. The only measurement necessary to be sent is the length wanted down the back, from the neck. They are made 52, 54, 56, 58, 60 and 62 inches long. The odd inches are not made.

We will send one of these ladies' waterproofs by express, and prepay the express charges to any express office on any railroad line, for $5.95. Be careful to give the express office to which it is to be sent, as well as your postoffice address.

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It is only after careful consideration and thoroughly testing the machine, that we arranged to offer our subscribers the BLADE WASHER. Thousands have been made and sold in Northwestern Ohio and throughout the United States, and we are satisfied to recommend and endorse them. It is the only perfect machine on the market, and saves time, labor, soap and clothing. Directions accompany each machine. The retail price of this machine is $7. We, however, offer to send one of these Machines by freight to any address, and also a copy of the Weekly Blade one year, for only $5.00; or we will ship a Machine free to any person sending us ten subscribers for the Weekly Blade one year and $10. The entire club of ten can be sent at one time. The Washer is carefully boxed or crated and shipped by freight, the purchaser paying freight on receipt of Machine. The freight charges will be but a trifle. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

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It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons, and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver. This table ware so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived, and not only the first-class hotels but many private families are discarding plated ware and substituting this. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver, the smooth pattern requires absolute perfection in the casting, which is not necessary where the stamp will hide the minute pinholes. It can be engraved with monogram or initials, like silver.

The advantage of solid metal tableware lies in the fact that it can be used constantly everywhere, and in the roughest manner, scoured with sand or polished with chalk, and there is nothing to wear off or wear out.

Prices.

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1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	.80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15
1 dozen table knives	2.25
½ dozen table knives	1.25
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These are made only in the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

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Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE QUEEN'S TASTE.

I.

"What is the thing you ask of me?"
Said Lily on parade.
"I'll have their heads; I'll have their heads,
For that's the why I'm made.
They took my throne; they kicked me out;
They think I am not fly;
I'll have their heads, I'll have their heads,
Or know the reason why.

II.

"You cannot bluff your gentle Lil;
I'll have my fill of gore.
To hang their heads upon my belt
'Tis long ago I swore.
Come off! Come off! or take a walk!
Mine's not the heart to quail!"—
The sequel of her awful threat
Will come by later mail.
—Bloodyard Rippling, in the New York World.

WHO IS THIS BOY?

Moses P. Handy Writes on One of the Century's Great Men.

Here is a reproduction of a daguerreotype which came into my possession some years ago, and which is now first presented to the public, says Moses P. Handy, in the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

If I were to print it without giving the name or any clew to the identity

of the subject I doubt whether anybody could tell whose counterfeit presentment it is. Indeed, I have tried the experiment with many who knew the original well, and in every instance they failed, although everybody, of course, with the name given and further scrutiny, will see points in the picture that ought to have been identified.

It is a picture of James Gillespie Blaine, taken on the day when he left Washington college. The newspaper reproduction is much more flattering than the original; still it shows a very gawky boy in ill-fitting and flaring garments, and with features upon which greatness had set no seal giving promise of the winsome individuality and greatness of him who was known in time as the uncrowned king of the United States.

The boy may be father to the man, as the adage says, but in this boy there is no out-giving of the paternity of the statesman.

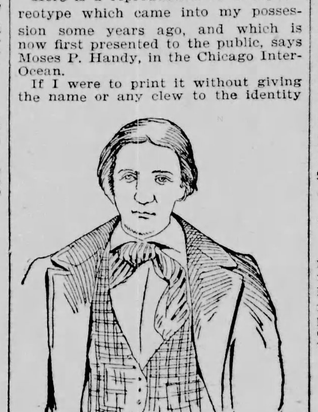
Blaine was graduated from Washington college at 17 years of age and the daguerreotype was taken on the day of his graduation.

He was not of high rank as a student; he learned easily, but was easily diverted from study to play. Until he fell in love the first time he was very careless, not to say slouchy in dress. When he began teaching school his old schoolmates rather wondered that he had taken that turn. When he taught the blind boys of Philadelphia it was a subject of joke among them. When he became the editor of a newspaper their wonder grew apace. Even when he entered the field of politics they were surprised and years passed before the prophet had honor in the country town where he had his schooling.

He lived to give that town its only title to fame and to be, in the sense in which it can be said of no other man, the favorite son of Pennsylvania.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Nothing more stylish or striking in its way has been seen in a long time than this promenade costume made of puce-colored corded silk, enhanced with rows of em-



broidered galon. Two side folds hang on the skirt from the waist to the feet, passing over the fancy bands. Capote in maron velvet, wrought with gold and ruby, and adorned with feather aigrette and bow in velvet.

Curiosities of Hoops.

A shaved hoop on a flour barrel is not shaved, but a hoop with the bark on, while what is known to the public as a shaved hoop is among coopers technically called a coiled hoop. The cause of these apparent misnomers is easily explained. The shaved hoop is shaved on the inside so that it will fit snugly on the staves and also have gripping properties. The coiled hoop is not hand made, but machine made, and coiled and shipped in that manner to the coopers.

A Modern Miracle.

The church works miracles to-day,
As miracles were wrought of yore;
The marriage rite restores the sight
To people who were blind before.

Her Narrow Escape.

Van Tassel—Did you know that Miss Van Duke married the groom?

Van Reutlesa—Well, whom else would she marry?

Van Tassel—She might have married the butler.—Truth.

HOW ANYBODY MAY HAVE A TELEPHONE.

The Electrical World Gives the Whole Scheme Away and There is No Royalty to Pay.

The following description and cuts of a telephone very simple to make we borrow from the Electrical World, of New York, which states that it will give excellent results on lines up to five or ten miles in length, when used both as a receiver and transmitter. If used in connection with a transmitter, it will answer for any length of time. If the line is to be constructed in close proximity to electric railway or light wires, it should be made a metallic circuit, but elsewhere a grounded circuit will answer just as well.

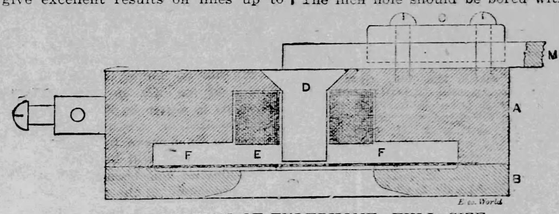


FIG. 1.—SECTION OF TELEPHONE. FULL SIZE.

The material required for aset consisting of two telephones, one fer each end of the line, is as follows: One-quvvr No. 36 silk covered magnet wire;

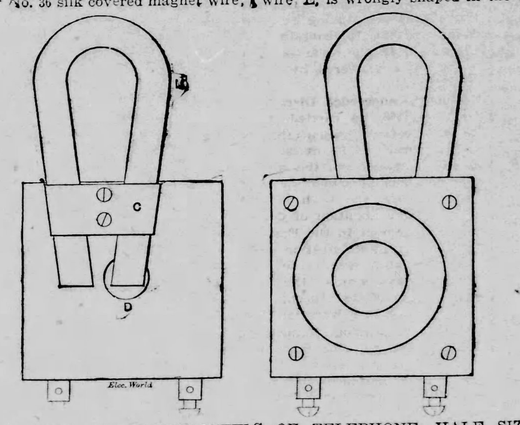


FIG. 2.—REAR AND FRONT VIEW S OF TELEPHONE. HALF SIZE.

two horseshoe magnets, 4-inch; two flat-head stove bolts, one-quarter inch diameter and one and one-half to two inches long; a piece of photographer's tintype large enough to cut from it two round diaphragms two and one-half inches in diameter; four small wood screw binding posts; twelve flat-head brass screws three-quarters of an inch long. Use well-seasoned mahogany, or any hard wood, about seven-eighths to one inch thick for the main case and for the cover that one-quarter or three-eighths inch in thickness is best. The pieces of wood should be larger than the dimensions given, and if marked and bored before sawing to the size desired, there will be less likelihood of splitting.

Figure 1 is drawn full size, from which the dimension for the holes in the wood can be obtained. The two and one-quarter inch space under the diaphragm, F, can be bored with an extension bit or marked out with a compass and cut out with a chisel. The inch hole should be bored with a bit which has no lip in order to leave strength sufficient for countersinking the head of the stove bolts. The depression in the lid need not be as deep as shown, but merely enough to clear the diaphragm. The stove bolt should be cut to a length a little longer than necessary and then carefully filed and fitted by trial so that when in place it will just clear the diaphragm.

For the wire a spool should be made of cardboard to fit the bolt and central hole neatly; the spool with wire, E, is wrongly shaped in the cut.

The magnet is held in place, with one pole over the bolt head, by a piece of wood, as shown in Fig. 2 half-size), the part between the legs of the magnet just clearing the bottom when the screws are home. The ends of the wire are brought to the binding posts through two small holes bored in the wood. Magneto bells are the best and, in the end, the cheapest for use as call bells in connection with the telephone.

THE MOST POWERFUL BEACON.

This Will be the Best Lighted Port in the World Before Long.

New York will soon be the best lighted port in the whole world, and the first move toward that end will be made by the lighthouse board in a few days. The most powerful and largest electric search light ever made has been brought from Chicago, where it was on exhibition at the World's fair, will be placed in position

FIRE ISLAND LIGHT AND REFLECTOR.

in Fire Island lighthouse as soon as the machinery with which it is to be operated can be completed. The old light in this lighthouse throws a light which can be seen by vessels nearly 20 miles in clear weather. The new light will be visible by reflection on the sky for more than 100 miles, and will be so powerful that the ordinary Atlantic seaboard fog will have practically no effect on it. This will be readily understood when it is learned that the new light is of 375,000 candle power.

Up to this time the most powerful lighthouse in the world has been at Cape Heve, France. This can be seen by reflection 60 miles away. The Fire Island light has in the past flashed once a minute. The new light will flash every ten seconds.

As has been said, this is only the beginning of the improvements which the lighthouse board proposes to make in and about New York, the greatest harbor in the world. One of the twin lights of the Navesink Highlands is to be fitted with electrical apparatus similar to that at Fire Island, the shaft of light to be seen in vertical, instead of horizontal, direction, a flicker of fire pointing straight to the sky. The present method of lighting channel buoys is to be changed, and instead of fixed red and white lights there will be shown a series of scintillating or twinkling bottle lights. The power of the various range lights is to be greatly increased.

Managing the Boss.

"Do you think Cleveland knows how to manage Congress?"

"I expect so. I know how to manage my wife, but I don't do it."

"Why don't you manage your wife if you know how?"

"She won't let me."—Texas Siftings.

SPLENDID ON THE GRUNT.

I saw two men a-loading logs,
In a manner that seemed queer,
For while one did bravely grasp his end,
As if he knew no fear,
The other man man seemed quite content
To let him bear the brunt.
And while one did all the lifting,
The other one did grunt.

Ah, this, I thought, is like the world,
In times of deepest woe;
A few will strongly grasp their end,
And bravely face the foe.
While other men seem quite content
To let them bear the brunt,
For their forte is not in lifting,
But ther're splendid on the grunt.

The rich man counts his hoarded wealth,
And lets his brother starve;
And when he dies, what glowing words
Upon his tomb we carve.
'Tis then we do not speak the truth
(The truth would be too blunt)—
"He was no good at lifting,
But was splendid on the grunt."

That we should share a brother's load
Is hard for us to see;
We always give the best advice
And words of sympathy.
But when it comes to good hard work,
We somehow seem to shunt—
For at lifting we're a failure,
But we're splendid on the grunt.
—G. H. R. Townsend.

LASSIES GRABBED LADDIES.

The Curious Origin of Woman's Right to Propose in Leap Year.

Some one asked me the other day the origin of the privilege being accorded to women to propose during leap year, says a writer in an English paper. Not being au fait with the subject, I handed the question on to an energetic friend, who undertook to look the matter up and let me know the result. This is what she discovered:

It appears that in the year 1288 a statute was published by the Scotch parliament, ordaining that during the reign of "Her Maist Blessit Majestie Margaret" every maiden and lady of high and low estate should have liberty to speak to the man she liked. If he refused to take her to be his wife she should have the privilege of fining him $100, or less, according to his estate, unless he could make it appear that he was betrothed to another woman, in which case he would be free to refuse. After the death of Margaret the women of Scotland became clamorous for their privileges, and to appease them another act of parliament allowed them to propose every fourth year.

The reply to the query as to why the limit is now restricted to seven years comes not so trippingly to the tongue, but doubtless some other energetic soul can furnish the key to this little puzzle.

Not What She Expected to Say.

He—May I steal a kiss?

She—Yes, if you'll not keep it.

He—All right, I'll give it to some other girl.—Truth.

EMIN PASHA'S DAUGHTER.

A Sweet Child, but Her Aunt Finds Difficulty in Managing Her.

Ferida, the daughter of the late Emin Pasha, is a bright child. The portrait given herewith was taken a short time ago at Berlin. She is being educated by her paternal aunt, Fraulein Melaine Schnitzer, who has taken entire charge of her. Emin Pasha was of Jewish parentage, while

FERIDA.

the mother of little Ferida, who died when she was very young, was an Abyssinian woman, and the mixed nationalities are very clearly to be seen in the dark, half-tanned face of the child. Ferida, who is 9 years of age, is reported to be a very clever child, with great capabilities, but she is extremely passionate, and her aunt finds it difficult to teach her to observe the usages of a European life.

The Holy Ghost Plant.

In Mexico, Central and South America and in some parts of Cuba and Jamaica a rare and beautiful plant called the "holy ghost plant" grows in great profusion. This plant, also known as "the botanical dove," is called the "holy ghost plant" on account of the shape of the flower, which has the appearance of a dove with expanded wings hovering over the stalk. The entire flower, which is pure white, opens from the end of a long green stem and is very fragrant.—Exchange.

—The marvelous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is based upon the corner stone of absolute merit. Take Hood's throughout the spring months.

HARD TIMES NOW.

We learn from rough experience
Things never taught at school;
And I've noticed with slight variance
It seems to be the rule.
One extreme brings on another.
No matter why or how;
We've seen good days, my brother,
But it's hard times now.

Very true it is that many,
While they have a loaf of bread,
Never lay aside a penny
For a rainy day ahead;
And they spend their means more blindly
Than they ought to, we'll allow—
But we mustn't judge unkindly,
For it's hard times now.

And there are many places
Where the throes of anguish lurk;
You can see it in the faces
Of the fellows out of work.
Ah, the bitterness and sorrow
That is written on the brow
Of the men who beg and borrow
Through the hard times now!

For the thread of trade is brittle—
Fortune's hanging by a chance;
And it only takes a little
Push to start the avalanche.
Let's be gentle in our dealings,
Let charity endow
Our hearts with kindly feelings,
For it's hard times now!
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE CLANG OF THE WOODEN SHOE WILL SOON BE HEARD.

They Will be Popular Here Because They Are Cheap and Most Durable—About Them.

"Wooden shoes are the latest novelty."

"Wooden shoes a novelty? My dear sir, wooden shoes were worn a thousand years ago."

"Not in America."

"No, perhaps not."

"So they will be a novelty in America, you see."

"Well, who's going to wear them?"

"Everybody."

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, I can sell them for 38 cents a pair, duty paid."

"Thirty-eight cents a pair! They can't be made in New York for less than $1.25 to $1.50."

"I know it, but I represent a house in Liege, Belgium, where they are made, and I am here to offer them to you for 38 cents a pair, in any quantity."

"What's the duty?"

"Twenty-five per cent."

"That's about 20 cents for the shoes and 8 cents duty, then?"

"Precisely. But you see, our work-

AT THE CROSSING.

men in Belgium get 40 cents a day, and work twelve hours."

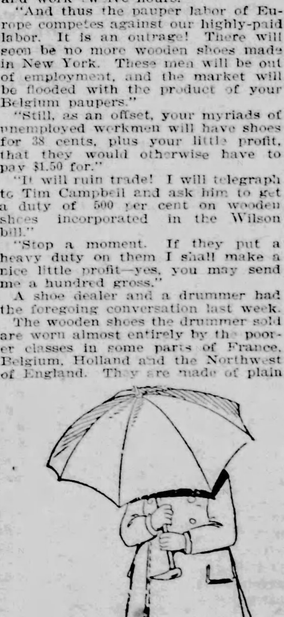
"And thus the pauper labor of Europe competes against our highly-paid labor. It is an outrage! There will soon be no more wooden shoes made in New York. These men will be out of employment, and the market will be flooded with the product of your Belgium paupers."

"Still, as an offset, your myriads of unemployed workmen will have shoes for 38 cents, plus your little profit, that they would otherwise have to pay $1.50 for."

"It will ruin trade! I will telegraph to Tim Campbell and ask him to get a duty of 500 per cent on wooden shoes incorporated in the Wilson bill."

"Stop a moment. If they put a heavy duty on them I shall make a nice little profit—yes, you may send me a hundred gross."

A shoe dealer and a drummer had the foregoing conversation last week. The wooden shoes the drummer sold are worn almost entirely by the poorer classes in some parts of France, Belgium, Holland and the Northwest of England. They are made of plain



CLUMSY, BUT COMFORTABLE.

pine, without any knots, and are simply carved out by hand. They resemble in appearance a clumsy overshoe, are no heavier, and are impervious to water, being covered with varnish.

They wear an indefinite length of time, and are in many respects a great institution. In wet weather, worn as an overshoe, they beat rubbers or arctics.

It is a question whether they will ever become popular in New York. The 400 are not likely to adopt them, as they make the feet look big and clumsy, but the poorer classes may hail them as filling a long-felt want.

An effort is to be made by some swell shoemakers to make them fashionable. A pair will be sent to Ward McAllister, in the hope that he may find them easier on his corns than the arctics which he has recently been wearing. Should he come out in a pair, certain circles of society would undoubtedly take them up.

Wooden shoes have their disadvantages. The worst is that they do not look pretty. You can't dance in wooden shoes, neither can you run very fast or ride a bicycle with comfort.

In Brooklyn they ought to become popular instantly, as they are admirably adapted to wading through slush and walking on sidewalks off which the snow has not been cleared. Their cheapness will commend them to the people, all over the country, who have to watch every cent to see that it goes as far as possible. Ladies who are engaged in the scrubbing business will find them useful as a preventive of wet feet.

They will soon be displayed in the windows of most shoe shops.—New York Morning Journal.

Very Hard Up.

Pattie—They say that young Mr. Dressy hasn't a cent to his name.

Mattie—Too bad! And he has more money than brains, his teacher says.—Harper's Young People.

Costly.

"Is she a high kicker?"

"About two hundred a week."

HARD TIMES NOW.

We learn from rough experience
Things never taught at school;
And I've noticed with slight variance
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Costly.

"Is she a high kicker?"

"About two hundred a week."

The blade in this knife is hand-forged from razor steel, and no better material or temper goes into a $5 razor. The handle is metal, representing sap; its weight fits canvas only. It is a splendid knife for a Blade boy or girl, a good carder or kitchen knife for the mother, and one the father will find handy in a pinch. It will be sent postpaid to any member of the Blade family for 15 cents. THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio

VIRGINIAN VERNACULAR.

These Southern names are apt to get
Strange twists from Yankee tongues, you bet.

When first I heard of that gay boy
Appointed consul at Amboy,

I do not think I was to blame
Because I mispronounced his name.

It looked as if it rhymed with doge,
And so I said: "J. Hampton Hoge."

Whereat the people laughed; but I
Kept still and never asked them why.

Next time I tried another dodge,
And boldly spoke of "Hampton Hoge."

I saw them grin, like those before,
And knew I had it wrong once more.

The name had now become a bore,
But I came out with "Hampton Hoge!"

And those who heard, I plainly saw,
Politely smothered a "Haw! haw!"

Great Scott! I cried, still in the fog,
Can it then be "J. Hampton Hoge?"

I tried it that way next trip,
Alas! 'twas but another slip.

I thought it might in some strange way,
Be French, "Monsieur J. H. Hoge."

As I had reason to expect,
I did not get the thing correct.

At last I sought my friend Judge Hoke,
From the fine county of Roanoke.

From him I took, as you shall see,
A lesson in orthoepy:

And now that I have caught the vogue,
You hear me say, "J. Hampton Hoge."
—Frank Roe Batchelder, in New York Sun.

A WORD TO THE SLEEPLESS.

Why Not Resort to Nature's Simple Plan to Cure Insomnia?

Dr. J. E. Huxley, of Maidstone, Eng., thinks he has hit upon the natural remedy for sleeplessness. It is, in brief, to curl under the clothes like a kitten, or put the head under the wing like a hen. He says: "This insomnia seems to be now a universal affliction. We live wrongly; sit up late and overwork the brain, and then go to bed in an excited condition. No one seems to have hit upon the natural remedy. I think I have. People take chloral and the like at their peril, and the fatal consequence not seldom ensues. It is all wrong, for you cannot control the dose required for the exact circumstance. But try nature's plan instead; lower the supply of oxygen to the blood, produce a little asphyxia, limit the quantity of air to the lungs, and the heart and circulation become weaker, the brain loses its stimulant and sleep follows. When you find yourself 'in' for a sleepless night, cover your head with the bed clothes, and breath and rebreathe only the respired air. Thus you may reduce the stimulating oxygen and fall asleep. There is no danger. When asleep you are sure to disturb the coverings and get as much fresh air as you require, or, when once drowsiness has been produced, it is easy to go on sleeping, though the air be fresh. What do the dog and the cat do when they prepare for sleep? They turn around, generally three times, and lastly bury their noses in some hollow in their hair, and 'off' they go. They are in no danger, although it must look as if they were from the closeness with which they embed their noses."—Medical Press and Circular.

The Founder of Rugby.

Not many people know that Rugby, in Tennessee, was founded by the idealist Thomas Hughes who wrote "Tom Brown's School Days." It is located on the great Cumberland plateau, 1,000 feet above the Tennessee river, and in a region rich with iron, coal and building stone. The plateau covers over 500 square miles and will, in time, be one of the richest regions in the South.

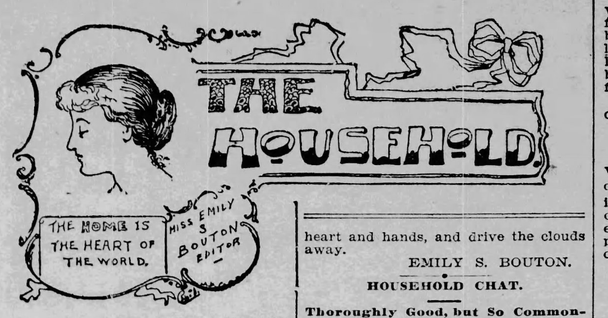
A Woman's View.

He (warmly—You can't make men honest and virtuous by acts of Congress or Legislature.

She (artlessly)—It does seem like an impossibility.—Boston Transcript.

FREE

Each person answering this advertisement can get a handsome watch pending, no-nonsense, dust-proof case watch, absolutely Free. This is no guessing match; a watch for every subscriber. Proof and testimonials that 21,766 watches we have distributed this season were received to enroll our subscription list within the next 10 days to 60,000 new subscribers. We intend to make our illustrated Home Weekly one of the most interesting and popular weekly papers published. The illustrated Home Weekly is beautifully and profusely illustrated, tersest every and contains comment on every thing of home interest, comment on every thing of home interest, comment on the news, latest hints on dress and all the news, latest hints on dress and fashions, humorous sketches, witty say-ings, etc. Is a welcome visitor to every home. Send for full paper on trial, it is bright, cheerful and instructive. One paper on trial, it is bright, cheerful and instructive. One paper on trial, it is bright, cheerful and instructive. One



PROGRESS.

The clod said to the mustard seed:
"You can not, shall not grow;
Your sphere is not in heaven's free air,
But in the earth below."

What did the little mustard seed?
It did the best it knew;
Filled with a consciousness of power,
Made no reply—but grew!

So said blind leaders of the blind
To woman. But God rules,
And woman took her rightful place
In social life and schools.

Much yet remains. The mustard seed
Has not yet filled the earth;
But in the coming years I see
The triumph of true worth.

I see the reign of truth and love
Extend from pole to pole;
By woman's hand this standard raised—
Twin purity of soul.
—Arthur E. Johnson, in Unfon Signal.

HOME TALKS.

NO PERSONAL DEVIL SAVE THAT WITHIN OUR LOWER SELVES.

What Should be the Rule of Life—Bring Into Each Day the Higher Life.

"If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains."

In these two lines George Herbert put the philosophy of life. He expresses the fact that whatever may be the first gratification of wrongdoing, the "joy" gradually fades away and then the "pains," which the joy had veiled, appear and remain insistently with the doer until the wrong is expiated through his own action in good. There is absolutely no getting away from the consequences only by right effort; no escaping the results of a broken law, either here or hereafter, only through individual work. You may be sorry all you choose; repentance may come to be your normal condition, but neither sorrow nor repentance will avail anything in abating the "pains" which somewhere and somehow must come, without they are put into expression in unselfish action.

And the keynote of the second line is as true to the Law Divine as the first. A right deed ,an unselfish action, a resistance to temptation may and often does involve the keenest anguish in the beginning, but the anguish softens away and at last is lost utterly in the joy of having acted true to ourselves, or, in other words, of having listened to and obeyed the voice of that inner, diviner self which is always striving to make itself heard above the world's din and clamor. That voice will tell us to do many things that will war with our lower natures, that animal part of the human being which seeks to be master.

This is really the only thing we have to be afraid of in this world. Our own selfish desires, our passions that hold us in their grasp with a grip of steel, which forever demand satisfaction, make up all that we have to fear here or hereafter.

I was reading in a Boston paper the other day one of those beautiful articles of Lillian Whiting's concerning the possibility of bringing the spiritual into our every-day lives, in which she quoted the following passage from one of Rev. Charles G. Ames's sermons:

"Nothing in heaven is so good that we might not have it here. The earth is the home of God as truly as it is the home of man. Heaven means a higher condition of mankind. There is no heaven until we rise out of folly, selfishness and sensuality; no heaven so long as money stands for more than man, so long as any are willing to be rich by keeping others poor."

This is only another way of stating the same truth—that into our everyday lives we must bring the consciousness of the presence of the Infinite Good, and endeavor to lift ourselves "out of folly, selfishness and sensuality." Does this seem so hard a thing to do? Granted. And yet there is not one who may not, little by little, come sometime into the higher condition that means heaven. "Little by little!" That is the encouraging part of it, that we are not required to reach it at a single bound. Each day something done towards overcoming a fault; the bonds of some vicious habit weakened; the love of the true and the beautiful strengthened; service to others becoming the law of our actions; these are the possible things which advance us toward the heavenly condition.

We do not need in working thus for spiritual growth, to allow ourselves to be terrorized by any stories of a personal devil created by a loving Father to rage up and down the earth seeking whom he may devour. There never was—and there never will be—one single pain because of wrong doing that faded into the joy brought by obedience to Divine Law, when that obedience was the result of fear. There is no devil save our own unchecked, uncontrolled passions. These are what we have to fight and conquer.

Nor should we be forever straining toward a reward for right action. The heavenly condition of which Mr. Ames speaks does not admit of selfishness, and that work which looks solely to a personal gain even though it be the happiness of life after death, has in it what is far from Christ-like self forgetfulness.

The way to live—the only right way to live, is to put away that overweening sense of personal rights and merit which we all have more or less, which is the motive power of much that we do, and which makes the struggles that turn life into such a weariness, if it does not reach a misery. We can, if we will, bring into each day the higher thought, and dwell in a spiritual atmosphere of love and joy. When, each morning, we open our eyes to the light of the new day, we may open our hearts also to the inflowing of the omnipresent good, shutting away, if only for a few moments, the thought of the cares, the perplexities, the pains that are to be met and endured later. Endurance then will be easier for in that "omnipresent good" of which the consciousness comes, is a vivifying force, a light of love that strengthen and energise heart and hands, and drive the clouds away.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

Thoroughly Good, but So Commonplace.

"Oh, yes, she is a good woman—thoroughly good, but so commonplace, with very little culture, and not one progressive idea!"

I heard the above remark made recently of a friend of mine, and though I said nothing, I did a little emphatic thinking.

The person spoken of had been her husband's helpmate, in every sense of the word, for 50 years, and had raised a large family of girls and boys, governing them so wisely and well that though men and women grown, they obey her wishes now as unhesitatingly and willingly as when they were children. She has a native delicacy that makes her avoid all that is low and rough, or even "gossipy," in conversation, and a quiet dignity that causes other people to be equally careful to avoid it in her presence. She has managed the affairs of her household, which has consisted not only of her own family, but of many homeless ones, who have taken refuge with her while they "looked about" for places of their own, going about her work with so little "fuss" that no one half appreciates the amount of good she does; and this woman was called commonplace, uncultured and unprogressive!"

Her lack of culture lies here—her grammar is sometimes faulty, and she fails to observe certain forms of polite etiquette She does not recognize the importance of "social duties," as represented by making and receiving formal calls, giving and attending receptions, etc.

Her "duty to her neighbor" consists of helpful kindnesses to the poor and sick and sorrowful. She certainly is unprogressive, for she has never belonged to any society for the elevation of her sex, not even a whist club; but in extenuation let her plead the fact that she has successfully instilled into her children that love for truth and distaste for falsehood and vulgarity that she herself possesses, and that they look upon her as an example that they can only better themselves by following.

If she is a commonplace woman, this very matter-of-fact world would be better, I think, if there were more like her, despite the criticism of her "cultured," "progressive" judge.

And who was her judge?

A young woman not past 30, the only child of wealthy parents, surrounded from her babyhood by everything dainty, and rich, and refining; highly educated, a member of various literary organizations, and foremost in the best society; a woman who had never lacked anything, or been obliged to lift her finger to do aught for herself or others!

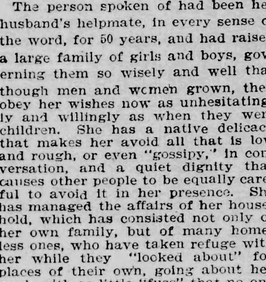
"A Daniel come to judgment," truly.

DAINTY HANDIWORK.

Several Things Both Pretty and Convenient as Well as Useful.

Handsome Book-Cover.

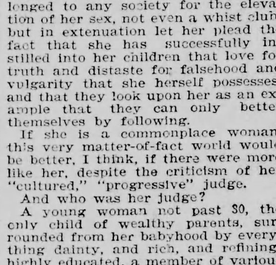
Handsomely-bound books allowed to lie around where a careless reader is apt to leave them will soon lose their beauty, and it is well to have covers for their protection. Two or three of different sizes in some convenient place for use when a volume is taken from the shelf, would do much to save this wear and tear. All



kinds of materials—cloth, velvet, plush and brocaded silks are employed for this purpose, but those made of linen are really more serviceable than the richer fabrics.

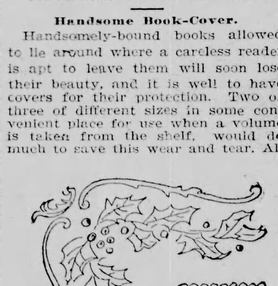
The illustration shown here is of a cover made of strong, substantial ecru linen, with the pretty pattern embroidered in colors. The leaves may be in shades of green or brown, and the berries of red. The row of dots which marks the bordering should be of the same color as the darkest shade of the leaves, or the same as the berries. The name of the owner may be etched in the center.

Another pretty one is also made of linen, with a spray of clover blossoms worked upon the top side, and some word or line etched beneath. This would be pretty on other material, if something richer is desired. In reality, however, the plainer is more appropriate because it is something for use and not ornament.



Key Basket.

Take any pretty basket, gild the outside and line the inside with bronze satin, shirred around the side,



and put smoothly over wedden cardboard for the bottom. Put a drapery of old rose silk along the two sides, as shown in the illustration. Embroider a pretty pattern upon one—that designed for the front. Slant a piece of bronze satin ribbon across each end, and fasten with a full bow. Tie a ribbon bow to the handle, and cord with ball tassels at diagonal corners.

A Bolster Scarf.

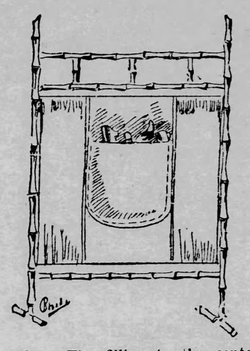
Bolster scarfs are among the latest novelties for the decoration of beds. These can be made in a variety of ways.

A very pretty one lately seen was made of linen lawn, hemstitched all round, and deep trimmed with fine lace. In the opposite corners were stamped imitation of ribbon bows, with forget-me-nots mixed in. The forget-me-nots were embroidered with blue Roman floss, the centers of yellow (a French knot). The stems and leaves are done in sage greens. The bows worked solidly in white Roman floss, outlined with yellow or blue.

The bedspread, bureau scarf, pin cushion and toilet mats to match.

Bedroom Screen.

This is a very convenient article, where it is desirable to part off one corner of the room for a little dressing room. A bamboo frame, or one of ordinary wood, painted, may be employed. The screen may be of one part, as shown in the illustration, or of two or three, as the owner thinks



desirable. The filling in the center should be of dark cloth, stretched tightly from top to bottom, and on this should be fastened a pocket for shoes and slippers. This may be made in any way fancy dictates.

The editor has received considerable fancy work in competition for "Deephaven." It will take a little time to examine it, but as soon as possible the result will be announced. A few days after March 1 will be allowed, in order that any that may have been mailed before the end of the month and delayed, may reach here.

HOUSEHOLD CORRESPONDENCE.

What "Us Women Folks" Have to Talk About.

I was much pleased with an article in the Household of February 8 on "A law that is invariable and finally works for good." I feel that it is full of grand truths, which it would be well for us all to learn. The writer says it cannot be repeated too often, that into our own hands has been placed the power of ruling to a large degree these changes for good. Scripture commands us to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling. I believe that we should always fear to do wrong, in thought, word, or deed, least we should displease God. I agree with C. F. Waters that we should all strive for purity; let us purify our bodies that they may be fit tabernacles for God's indwelling spirit, that He may guide and direct us in all things.—A. B. K.

Mrs. Jane Neptune:—Your letter had too much of an advertising tendency to be printed here. If you will write us about your flowers and how you raise them, we will gladly give you space.—Ed.

A correspondent sends the following clipping on a much mooted question:

A WOMAN'S SPHERE.

'Tis here! For here four lowly walls
Hold in my cottage life.
Sweet childhood here on "Mother" calls,
Here manhood names me "Wife."
I bake and wash, I sew and sweep,
I pray the children's plays;
But home is not a grave so deep,
Heart buried in it stays.

My sphere! 'Tis here—my native land;
Her weal shall be my care.
For her—my country, free and grand—
These children do I bear.
Good laws for them, true peace for all
Fain would I help secure,
For truth and right my voice would call,
For justice ever sure.

My sphere is on the earth so bright,
While here God bids me live,
My neighbor black, my neighbor white,
A sister's help I'd give.
And none the less these arms will clasp
My babe in fond embrace,
All true home loves make strong the grasp
Of love for all the race.

My sphere! Its limits none can knew
Save God, who knows the whole;
The sphere must with the talents grow
Of each immortal soul.
In public life, or private life,
In little matters where,
If steady, midst the constant strife,
"Witness to truth" we bear. F. R.

Granite State Musical Notes.

I would like to hear more from the music teachers. I, too, find it difficult to interest young pupils in classical music; also to find a variety of music adapted to the wants of advanced pupils on the cabinet organ; would like to hear from organ teachers in particular.

I enjoy the Household very much. Miss Bouton's "Home Talks" are extremely interesting; also enjoy the chat of the Merry-Go-Rounds. Dear girls, how many of you have read Mrs. Whitney's books? "Hitherto," "Real Folks" and "The Other Girls" are prime favorites, also Sara Orne Jewett's works.

I would like to be the fortunate one to win the prize "Deephaven," but am no adept at fancy work.—F. H., Granite State.

She Isn't Lonesome, but—!

Auntie, your method of employing your time in the country is excellent. I am beginning my second year of country life. I thought if I lived in the country it would be so nice to see the children go to school. This year I can gaze to my content at three as they eagerly (?) seek the fountain of knowledge, but it hardly compensates for the trouble. I made the acquaintance of a little girl, but as she is 9 and only in the First reader her intellectual abilities are limited.

I don't own to lonesomeness, but it is hard to always find within oneself what the heart craves. I can find plenty of daily work to do, indeed it is imperatively demanding attention, but I would like to get time for higher work.—Mrs. Morris.

Mocking Birds and Altruria.

I have never seen anything from this far-away sunny land of Southern California. To-day the singing of the mocking-birds reminds us our early summer is near; we have only two seasons, spring and summer, and as I listen I think of my native home in a Northern state where ice and snow now reign. But we have not attained in this more-favored clime the Altruistic standpoint we would like to see more than you in the East have. If we would let the "Christ within us rise," and follow the Master; be less bound to man-made creeds; have more charity, think "in my brother's place I might do worse," I think we might have some hope that America would some day come nearer to the perfection of Altruria. We enjoy the "Arena" and the humanitarian ideas and work of its noble editor.—Citrus.

Literally a Sweeping Statement.

I have often thought I would like to write you, and tell you how much good your words have done me. Living on a ranch, in a thinly settled country, and having had what seems to me more than average trouble, I am often lonely for congenial friends; but even here I can realize that thinking of and preparing the mind for sorrow only helps the sorrow on, and makes one less able to endure it when it does come; and I know, too, by experience, that thinking of happiness often brings happiness with it. So many helpful hints are given in the Household, perhaps my way of sweeping in our living room might benefit some tired housewife. The floor is carpeted, and around the stove, worktable, at doors, or wherever the most dirt collects I lay mats and loose pieces of carpeting. These I remove carefully every morning, and shake out of doors, then proceed to sweep, dampening my broom, and taking the dirt up twice, and sometimes three times, thus avoiding great clouds of dust. This done, I replace my pieces of carpet, and dust furniture with a soft cloth, shaking often at the door. —E. M. M.

"Puts Her Shoulder to the Wheel."

Indeed, girls, I think Ann would be a very poor person to call on should you need assistance. The most powerful weapon we could use is the ballot, and that she would refuse. I think God intended we should fill just as high and noble a place on this earth as we are capable of reaching; and the higher the position the more good accomplish. I have all respect for the male sex, and perfect confidence in those worthy of it; am the happy possessor of a good husband, temperate in every particular, and I certainly do not think it a burden to walk with him in any path of life. I do not believe in shirking, and I for one am willin gto go where there can be good done; if duty leads me to the ballot, and we are fortunate enough to ever be granted that privilege, I will gladly take up the extra burden (?) When mothers take a more active part in politics and the affairs of our nation, they will be more capable of rearing the boys and girls who are to take charge of the great ship of state.—H. E. H.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A Pleasant Change From the Beautiful Snow.

"Green Things Growing."

In answer to a correspondent's request in the Blade relative to plants best suited to grow in a furnace-heated room, I would say there are but few varieties that thrive well or produce many fine blossoms in a hot room. However, we all desire a few choice plants in winter to add to the beauty of the home; they are so bright, cherry and refreshing, and while the earth is bound in icy chains, beautiful, fragrant blossoms bring the very essence of spring. If one perfers a plant for its foliage alone, nothing is so satisfactory and certainly more strikingly beautiful than the new Sanseveria Zealanica. The leaves are erect and sword like, thick and fleshly, of a deep green, with clouded bars of white. It will stand gas and dust, and will go for weeks and weeks without water. It stands abuse better than any plant I know. Another interesting feature of this remarkable plant is that it will grow thriftily in a dark hall, sunless parlor, cold bed room, or in an out-of-the-way corner in a hot, dry sitting room. I am sure this beautiful, decorative plant is destined to become very popular, and especially commends itself to those who have but little time to spend on the cultivation of plants.

If you prefer sweet-scented, charming blossoms to pretty foliage, why, then, invest 30 cents in a plant of the well-known Otaheite Orange. This beautiful dwarf orange fruits and flowers from one year's end to another. In a sunny window it is never without its lovely, fragrant blossoms, which make it such a favorite with all, especially girls who admire delicate flowers for the corsage. The fruit is about one-half the size of the ordinary orange, retaining in a degree its sweetness. These small golden balls will cling to the bush for months after they are ripe.—Primrose.

We shall be glad to receive other hints from this practical plant lover. —Ed.

INQUIRIES.

Correspondents Wants and Wishes—Many Questions.

Will some one tell me how to wash a woolen suit so that it will not shrink or fade?—Bach.

Can you tell me how butterine is made? I have heard it was by putting some kind of acid in the cream while churning, making it turn off more butter.—Matilda.

Can any one give me a recipe for crackers that will taste and look like those the bakers make?—Susie.

Will "Jean Hunt" or "Mary" send the diagram of a five-gored skirt, or the latest style of dress skirt? Also tell me how to make over a black dress with silk, the material being similar to Bedford cord.—Ignorant.

Miss M.:—Asks the opinion of the Editor and Household on the subject of a woman's marrying a man who is several years her junior. So much depends on circumstances in such cases that it is hard to give an opinion, though as a general thing it hardly seems advisable, as women are apt to "grow old" faster than men, even when they have the advantage of being their junior. However, I know of a case where the husband was ten years younger than the wife, and the union was a very happy one.—Ed.

Answers.

Maude L. L.: You are at perfect liberty to write for the Young People's column, and if your story is suitable, it will be accepted, but we do not pay anything for such contributions.

"Anxious:" The Editor does not know of any such school. The way that some girls with small means manage, is to go to some good school, pay their tuition, and help in some family nights and mornings for their board.

"Inquirer:" The initials of the lady and gentleman with the date of betrothal are sometimes engraved inside the engagement ring. It is merely a matter of taste.

"Mabel W.:" Any of the girl readers of the Blade are cordially invited to write to the Merry-Go-Round. There are no dues to pay, the only rules to be observed being, write on one side of your paper, be brief, and be quite sure you have something to say. We shall be glad to hear from you.

Mrs. P. M. D.: The Editor is sorry, but requests like yours cannot be inserted, as no addresses are allowed in these columns.

Sylvia W.: The letters cannot be republished. We are sorry you have not all of them.

Will "A Shut-in Friend" send us her communication again? The pencilling on the card was so blurred it could not be read.

Tell "Alex" that "The Christian Home," in Council Bluffs, Iowa, is such an organization as he inquired about. There are no agents in Montana, nor anywhere else, for this institution.—Robert.

"A. E. W.:" You will require 8 lbs. of warp for 20 yds. of carpet, if you want it very close. If you have only brown and green, have 27 lbs. of brown rags and 3 lbs. of light green. I would advise you to have the brown stripes 9 inches wide, with a 1-inch stripe of green at each side.

One package of green dye for cotton will color 4 lbs. of white goods; one package of fast olive green will color 2 lbs. of white goods; one package of magenta makes a lovely old rose coloring for 6 lbs. of white goods.—Anne.

Mountain Rill: Turpentine mixed with the paint might be the cause of its rubbing off of glass. Glass, unless frosted, is too smooth to paint on, and breaks too easily. Paint on something more durable.—Mrs. Morris.

Can you tell me whether or not Shakespeare wrote this:

"To thine own self be true
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou cans't not then be false to any man." E. M. M.

He did. The quotation will be found in the play of Hamlet, act 1, scene 3.—Ed.

RECIPES.

The Cook Knows 'Tis Lent and Writes Accordingly.

Longwood Omelet.

Beat the yolks of three eggs; add 1 teaspoonful melted butter, 2-3 of a tablespoonful of flour, 2-3 cupful of milk, and a little pepper and salt. Beat the whites very stiff and pour the mixture over them; do not stir, but break the froth up lightly. Butter a heated frying-pan; put into it 3 spoonfuls of the mixture, dipping through it from top to bottom; as it browns, roll over and over, and place on a hot dish. Serve as quickly as possible.—Carmina.

Baked Omelet.

Into 1 pt. of boiling milk, stir 1 teaspoonful butter, 1 teaspoonful salt, and 1 tablespoonful of flour, rubbed smooth in a little cold milk. Beat 7 or 8 eggs for two or three minutes, and pour the milk over them, stirring very fast until well-mixed. Pour the omelet into a hot, buttered dish, that will hold a quart, and bake 20 minutes in a quick oven, until it has risen very high, and is of a rich, brown color. Send directly from oven to table. This is sufficient for a family of seven or eight persons.—Sacramento.

To Bake White Fish or Trout.

Spread small pieces of bread with butter; salt and pepper them, and lay them inside the fish. Sew it up, fasten the lip and tail together with twine, lay it in a dish, with two or three thin slices of salt pork upon it, salt and flour it well. Baste it several times as the liquor cooks out of it. A 4-lb fish will cook in one hour.—Nuncle.

THE STATUE IN CLAY.

"Make me a statue," said the king,
"Of marble white as snow,
It must be pure enough to stand
Before my throne at my right hand;
The niche is waiting. Go!"

The sculptor heard the king's command,
And went upon his way;
He had no marble, but he went,
With willing hands and high intent,
To mould his thoughts in clay.

Day after day he wrought the clay
But knew not what he wrought;
He sought the help of heart and brain,
But could not make the riddle plain—
It lay beyound his thought.

To-day the statue seemed to grow
To-morrow it stood still;
The third day all was well again;
Thus, year by year, in joy and pain,
He wrought his master's will.

At last his life-long work was done—
It was a happy day;
He took his statue to the king,
But trembled like a guilty thing,
Because it was but clay.

"Where's my statue?" asked the king,
"Here, lord," the sculptor said.
"But I commanded marble." "True,
But lacking that, what could I do
But mould of clay instead?"

"Thou shall not unrewarded go,
Since thou hast done thy best;
Thy statue shall acceptance win—
It shall be as it should have been,
For I will do the rest."

He touched the statue and it changed;
The clay fails and lo!
A marble shape before him stands,
The perfect work of heavenly hands—
An angel pure as snow!
—Found Floating.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Have an Interesting Correspondence—A Letter About Berne.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—By the editor's kind suggestion I'll tell you a few things about my old home, Berne, which I left when I was a little girl of ten. I think that speaking of schools will interest you most, as many of you are still attending school and others are or will become teachers. It is quite impossible to find any uneducated people in Switzerland, because all the children have to attend the schools, from the age of seven to their sixteenth year. School hours last from seven or eight, till eleven o'clock, and also a few hours in the afternoon. There are four vacations in one year, each vacation from 3 to 5 weeks. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons are the only school holidays, besides Sunday. In the school room, scholars are very quiet and orderly; not a whisper or turning around can be noticed. They teach about the same branches there as are taught in the schools of this country, excepting French, which is taught in the higher rooms. History is taught very early, this being one reason for the boys "soldiering" out of school hours. Girls are also taught to sew knit, and crochet, and to do other fancy work. I remember that I knit my first stockings at the age of five. By a school law, no girls and boys are allowed at public dances before they are sixteen.

In the "City of Bears" are three public school houses for girls and the same number for boys, besides the public high schools and the private schools. My ideal girl must be fairly educated, sweet tempered, and a good singer; I think there is something charming about a girl singing at her work; last, but not least, she must be a good housekeeper, and cook. She should like her younger brothers' and sisters' society, and aid them as much as possible. I'm willing to correspond with the members of this merry circle.—Prairie Flower.

Vive La Vivian!

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—Is there room in your pleasant little circle for me? My favorite authors are Longfellow and Whittier; I also like Emerson's essays. I have just finished reading "Romola," by George Eliot, and like it very much. I am also a music lover and have taken several terms of lessons; I intend to be a schoolma'am some day. We have been taking the Blade for 21 years, so I have been acquainted with it all my life.—Vivian.

From the Blue Grass Region.

Dear Merry Go-Rounds:—Will you admit a Kentucky school teacher to your charming circle? I enjoy reading your letters very much, but though I love literature I can hardly decide who are my favorite authors. Like Bachelor Nell, I do not care to read Shakespeare. I have enjoyed your talks on "reformation" and the descriptions of the "ideal young man." "Carl," if you ever find your ideal woman I shall be very much surprised. I am glad so many of the girls expect to become teachers, it is a noble work, but a very trying one, as I know from experience.—Mamie May.

Social Recreations.

Dear Merry Go-Rounds:—"Mona's" questions, relative to the effect upon pupils and teachers who attend dances or parties once or twice during the week, have interested me greatly since I have seen in my own school what the effect is upon my pupils. Before the "party" their minds are turned from their lessons by thoughts of it; and afterward, feeling the effect of late hours, they are not in a condition to pursue their studies, understandingly. As to the second question I answer no. One of our best teachers, David Page, says that "the teacher is responsible for the mental, physical, moral and religious training of the scholars, and our lecturing them on these subjects will not have the effect upon them that our example will have. Teachers and pupils both need and should have social recreation, but it should be something that will elevate and improve them.—Amelia.

Etta:—Why did you write on both sides of your paper? Please write again, and remember this "first law" of printer-dom.

Mrs. Morris suggests to the Merry-Go-Rounds that "Stepping Heavenward," by Mrs. Prentiss is a very excellent book.

"Adores" Riley.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I have just finished reading the letters from the M. G. R., and think they are splendid. I am seventeen years old, and am preparing to be a school teacher. E. P. Roe, Lew Wallace, Longfellow and Whittier are my favorite authors, and I simply adore the writings of James Whitcomb Riley. My ideal young lady should be bright, energetic and intelligent, having all the good qualities Carl mentioned, except that I think she should have a good, sound, sensible will of her own. How can a man admire and respect a wife who will sit meekly down and say "my lord and master, your opinions and judgment shall be my law." Now, do not think I would want her to be cross and overbearing. No, indeed; she should be loving and kind, with thoughtful respect for her husband's superior (?) judgment; but still possessing such sensible opinions that she will command and receive his sincere respect. I would be very glad to correspond with any of the members of this delightful circle.—Trissy.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

GILBERT PARKER, THE CANADIAN-ENGLISH WRITER OF STORIES.

The Son of an Artillery Officer—Educated in Toronto—What He Has Accomplished in Literature.

Perhaps there are not many Blade readers who are familiar with the name of Gilbert Parker, but as he is a rising star in the literary world, and will, doubtless, be much better known shortly in this country than he is now, it will not be amiss to give a little sketch of his life in this series of sketches in order to picture him in "a local habitation" when the great book comes to be written by his pen, as it is prophesied it will be.

Mr. Parker was born about 31 years ago, and spent all the early part of his life in Canada. He was the son of an artillery officer in the British army, who was sent to the Dominion back in the thirties. Gilbert was educated

GILBERT PARKER.

at Trinity College in Toronto, and early showed a love of literature. Yet his first strong thought for his future was directed to the Episcopalian ministry, in which he thought of taking orders. At last, however, he gave up the idea and began lecturing upon literary subjects at Toronto University. Later he went to Australia and entered upon a journalistic career. Traveling about for three years among the islands of the Southern Seas for a Sydney paper, he gathered materials for two books, one entitled "Round the Compass in Australia," and the other "Below the Sun Line."

These did not, however, give him the fame which came with his short stories published under the title of "Pierre and His People," in which he drew his material from the records and traditions of British America, which no writer of note had ever done before. Canada until then, as some writer has said, was almost unknown to fiction, and hence, the value of these clever stories was greatly increased. "Pierre and His People" was quickly followed by "Parables of a Province," and then by a novel "The Chief Factor," which contained a good deal of the early history of the Hudson's Bay Company. Besides this was the popular "Mrs. Falchion;" "The Trail of the Sword;" and one that first appeared in Lippincott's Monthly entitled "The Translation of a Savage." With the January number of that magazine Mr. Parker commenced a serial "The Trespasser," which is full of interest. He has also been quite successful in the field of dramatic literature.

The home of the writer is now in London, England, where he is devoting himself to the writing of novels. Doubtless the world will hear more of him, as he has great energy, is an untiring worker, and full of ambition for good accomplishment.

FROM HERE AND THERE.

There used to be a topical song, the import of which was that "Love will find a way." The truth was probably never more fully exemplified than in the following anecdote, which is fully vouched for by its author.

A young gentleman fell in love with the daughter of his employer, but from certain ideas of wealth a match was opposed by the father. The consequence was that the young couple made him the innocent bearer of their correspondence. The young lady would pin a letter inside the old man's overcoat, and when the father returned to the counting-house and threw off the coat the young lover would go and take out the lady's epistle, read it, and send the reply back in the same manner. Love and ingenuity were finally successful, as surely they should have been if in inventive genius there is any value whatsoever.—Harper's Bazar.

A pretty dinner was given to a young woman last week on the eve of her marriage. It was a pink dinner and the heart-shaped table was covered with pink silk. In their dressing room, the men found pink cards, heart shaped and tied, two together, with pink ribbon; one bore a man's name and the other heart the name of the lady to whose escort he was assigned. At the table the dinner cards were also pink and heart shaped. Around the pink cloth went a vine of smilax, just inside the covers, with cut flowers strewn carelessly across the corners. The pink-shaded banquet lamp was wound with smilax, and a bunch of pink blooms was tied half way up its standard. The same blushing flowers made corsages at each lady's plate, and a single one offered its rosy sweetness at each man's cover. In every napkin nestled two hearts of bread, tied with pink ribbon, and the ices were served in pink, heart-shaped boxes, on whose covers were fastened a single pink flower and a bit of smilax. A clever toast to the bride that was to be was offered by the host and drunk in champagne: "May her life be as this wine. Her joys, like the bubbles, numerous and rising from many sources. Her sorrows, also like the bubbles, dissipated at the surface, but essential in the composition to impart strength and character."—Boston Budget.

"Never to an evil place goeth one who doeth good. The man whose devotion has been broken off by death goeth to the regions of the righteous (heaven), where he dwells for an immensity of years, and is then born again on earth in a pure and fortunate family. . . . Being thus born again, he comes in contact with the knowledge which belonged to him in a former body, and from that time he struggles more diligently towards perfection. For even unwittingly, by reason of that practice, he is led and works on."

"Whoever, believing in spiritual unity, worshipeth me who am in all things, dwelleth with me in whatever condition he may be" (The Supreme Spirit being everywhere is not to be regarded as a being outside of and separate from man. He is in the heart of every human creature).—Bhagavad-Gita.

Window Draperies.

The long heavy draperies of the past are scarcely seen in modern homes; and, excepting in large dining rooms and halls, or where it is proper to attempt to reproduce the style of some particular period, their absence is a decided improvement.

Many rich materials are expressly made for window hangings, but they now hang in scanty fullness, and usually are only of a length to reach the floor. Good taste objects to the long, straight lines and flat, unrelieved surfaces of voluminous draperies; and in the case of high windows it is usual to introduce a panel of stained glass, and hang the curtains on a plain rod or pole below it. This effectually shortens the straight lines, and at the same time mellows the light.

The choice of stained glass for the purpose necessarily entails expense. If money is a consideration, a similar effect may be produced by introducing a wide marginal panel of a different material from the hangings themselves; for instance, one of perforated leather, letting the curtains fall below it.

Curtains ought always to harmonize and never to contrast with the coloring of the room, for which reason neutral tints should be chosen for the material, and all the color needed should be introduced in the design. Soft materials are best. Rep is too stiff for graceful effects, but serge fashion drapery or diagonal cloth are pleasant to work, and fall in easy folds.

If the draperies selected are heavy, border designs are best, but for lighter material a continuous pattern is desirable.

Nothing is prettier for a summer curtain than a design of climbing vine leaves, or of trailing hops, worked in crewel or filoselle upon cream-colored muslin. A very easy and effective method of producing a happy result is to make thin curtains of alternate stripes of cream-colored muslin and antique lace, connecting them with chain stitch, to be worked in colored filoselles or crewels.

Lambrequins for windows are no longer in favor. They are superseded, just as cornices and all elaborate trimmings are, by the simple pole of brass or polished wood, the curtains being sewn upon rings of the same material as the pole, and only made of width sufficient to allow of folds when they are drawn back.

A house with well managed windows is always a pleasant one, and a little consideration and ingenuity will enable any one to produce happy results.—Janet Rutz-Rees, in Youth's Companion.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS

A BELATED VALENTINE.

"A mayden's heart is like a seal-ed book,
In which no man need ever try to look;
For though he were nine times a Sage,
He could not read that hidden page.
He'll vainly seek the magic key
That solves the pretty mystery,
In sea, or land, or sky above,
Until he wins the mayden's love.
Then, fair and smooth the leaves unfold,
And sweet the legend that they hold!
When shall I read that heart of thine?
My precious, wayward Valentine."
—Old Songs.

THAT VALENTINE POST-BOX.

Reported by Lucy A. Freeman.

As soon as the schoolmistress decided to have a valentine post, Terence O'Shaughnessy offered to assist in making the necessary preparations for the event.

"There is nothing to do, Terence," she told him, "except to get a shoe-box and make a narrow slit in the cover of it to admit the valentines."

"A shoe box, is it?" cried Terence, derisively. "Sure, 'twould be the shoe-box of a Chicago lady that 'wud be afther houldin' all thim volentoines. Or'll make a box, if you plaze, Miss Schoolmistress, worthy of the under-takin'."

So, on the morning of the 14th, he marched proudly into the schoolroom carrying a handsome, polished walnut box, furnished with a lock and key of shining brass. It filled one-half of the schoolmistress's taole, and as she stood looking at it, he demanded:

"Well, thin, what d'ye think of it?"

"I think," said the schoolmistress, slowly; "I think it is plenty large enough!"

And it proved to be, for if you will believe me, only 'a baker's dozen" of the two hundred members of the O. W. C. availed themselves of the privilege the schoolmistress offered them!

They all came flocking in, however, for not one but expected some one else had remembered him, even if he had been forgetful of others.

The schoolmistress called them to order, arranging them with the younger puzzlers, like "Helen" and "Stub" on the front seats, where she could have "an eye on them," while such old veterans as "Sid," "Ned S." and "J. H. N." occupied the back seats, sharing them with "Mollie Moore," "Pauline," "Apple Blossom," and others, while the other puzzlers filled the remainder of the seats, making in all the class of 45, who have been studying with the mistress since January, 1891, with a few "second-year" pupils "thrown in."

"Now," said she, as they folded their arms and sat up straight, "now, as I call your name, you will come forward, receive your valentine, read it aloud to the class and take your seat."

Terence drew the first missive from the huge box and handed it to the schoolmistress with a broad grin.

"Sure it's yersilf that has the first wan," he announced, and she blushed quite prettily as she read, "A valentine, to the schoolmistress," from "Ned."

"In the early days of youth,
When I went to school, uncouth,
I hated 'school-ma'ams' with a hearty zest;
But, 'School-mistress of our column,'
Accept my friendship solemn,
For I love you as I hated all the rest!"

"Pauline was called up next, and read this affecting appeal from Terence:

"The joy of me life, at last Oi have found,
The light of me eyes Oi have seen;
Sure pleasure and joy shall compass you round
If you'll list to me prayer, Pauline!"

Terence listened to his own poetry very complacently, though he did have the grace to blush, a few minutes later, when "Helen" received an ardent effusion, which no one hesitated to ascribe to him, though, for the life of him, he could not tell how they found him out, when he had not signed his name to it. It was as follows:

"Och! the sowl of me is swellin',
Wid the love I would be tellin',
By manes of this little Valentine;
Sure I know not where you're dwellin',
Or I'd come and coax you, Helen,
'Till your precious little heart was mine."

Charlie Carlson stepped forward proudly and read this artistic jingle of pie and poetry from "Mollie Moore?"

"This Valentine is for the boy
Who likes mince-meat 'specially,
His cup is overflowed with joy,
When plenty greets his eyes.
Quite corpulent, with big, fat plums.
And holes in which to stick his thumbs."

"Ned," timid youth that he is, actually turned pale as he read this very "decided decision," sent him by "Cleo Davis:"

"A level head, and fingers clever,
You're my choice for ever and ever;
You'll have or never wed.
Do you understand me, Ned?"

As he took his seat he was heard to remark that there was "nothing like being in earnest about these things."

"Bee" received the next valentine, sent her by "Mollie Moore:"

"Thou art the type of industry,
Flitting from flower to flower so free;
Gathering the sweets at will;
O, may life's blossoms freely blow,
And o'er thy heart their fragrance throw
To make thee happier still."

J. H. N. was called up presently, and read this effort from "Frances Allen:"

"'Tis easy to write a Valentine,
But who shall I send it to?
'J. H. N.' if you think you'll be mine,
I'll send this along to you."

"Stub," who had been wriggling impatiently in her seat for some time, had a "call" now, and read this love token from "Dido:"

"There's a dear little girl, with a queer little name,
That I'd choose for my Valentine.
But, here is the rub, I'm not certain dear Stub,
That you will consent to be mine."

"Mollie Moore" was called out next, and seemed quite "taken" by "Mark Tapley's" devotion, as expressed in these lines:

"Sweet Mollie Moore, I pray you be
My Valentine, and you shall see
Naught but the brightest side of life,
Sheltered by love, from storm and strife."

Terence had begun to look doleful as letter after letter was drawn out, and there was none for him, but at last this tender billet appeared to gladden his heart, coming from "Tillie Slowboy:"

"Dear Terence, I own with blushes of shame,
I cannot find a word that rhymes with your name;
For that though I'm sure, you are not to blame,
And I wouldn't much care if mine was the same."

"It never rains but it pours." The next letter drawn from the "Post" was also for Terence, fro "Red Rose:"

"Thou art brilliant, witty and wise,
Above thy fellows thou dost rise;
True merit always brings reward,
Friendship and love, and true regard."

Terence has such a good opinion of himself at all times that there is no telling what effect this delicious flattery would have had upon him had "William Penn" received a missive from the same little maiden, that was even more complimentary:

"I think thy choice of character fine,
So choose thee for my

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

HON. JOHN A. CALDWELL

Republican Nominee for Mayor of Cincinnati.

Cincinnati, March 1.—The Republican city convention to-day nominated Hon. John A. Caldwell, present Congressman from the Second Ohio district, for mayor, on the third ballot.

The nominee for mayor of Cincinnati is one of the best known Republicans on the floor of the House, and

THE NEXT MAYOR OF CINCINNATI.

one of the ablest leaders on the floor of the House. He will be 41 years of age on April 21, and was born in Fair Haven, Preble county, Ohio. He was educated in the common schools of that county, and graduated at the Cincinnati Law college in 1876. He is now serving his third term in Congress.

JUSTICE BREWER'S OPINION.

Which Somers, of Wisconsin, Wants Looked Into.

Washington, Feb. 28.—The opinions of Justice Brewer, which Representative Somers, of Wisconsin, would have investigated, resolutions to which effect he introduced yesterday, were both in cases of strikers who were accused of interfering with railroad property in the hands of receivers. Two of them, Edward Doolittle and Wm. Schanbacker, were arrested for interfering with the movement of cars on the Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific, at Hannibal, Mo., in 1885, and were brough before Justice Brewer for contempt of court, for which he punished them.

The decision of Justice Brewer is thus summarized in the federal report:

"Where the employes of a railroad company whose property is in the custody of this court, by concert of action quit work and take possession of, and obstruct the movement of engines and cars on the tracks of said company, and while so doing also take possession of or obstruct the operation of engines or cars in the custody of receivers of this court, it is the right and duty of the court to punish such acts as contempt of its authority. If a party engaged in a lawful undertaking unintentionally interferes with or obstructs the officers of this court in the discharge of their duties, the court is not tenacious of its prerogative, but it is otherwise when parties while engaged in an unlawful act obstruct the officers, although intending no contempt.

Will Hear Any Complaint.

"This court is open to hear any just ground of complaint against its receivers, employes of the receivers may present their grievances, and the court will instruct its officers in the premises. For this reason the court will be prompgt to punish men who interfere with its receivers to the custody and control of property.

"A simple request to do or not to do a thing made by one or more of a body of strikers, under circumstances calculated to convey a threatening intimation, with a design to hinder or obstruct employes in the performance of their duties, is not less obnoxious than the use of physical force. A request under such circumstances is a direct threat, and will be punished as such."

The other case was that of railroad men in Colorado, brought before Justice Brewer on similar charges in the same year.

The federal reporter gives his opinion as follows:

"Where employes of a railroad company that is in the hands of a receiver appointed by the court are dissatisfied with the wages paid, they may abandon the employment, and by persuasion or argument induce other employes to do the same, but if they resort to threats or violence to induce others to leave or accomplish their purpose without actual violence by awing the others by preconcerted demonstrations of force, and thus prevent the receiver from operating the road, they are guilty of contempt of court."

OLD HUTCH A SALOONIST.

He Will Put on a White Apron and Mix Drinks.

Chicago, March 2.—Benjamin Peterson Hutchinson, "Old Hutch," will make his debut in a white coat and an apron to match at the saloon No. 127 Van Buren street on Saturday next. From corn to corn-juice is not so very far, and as he has accustomed to mix things up on the board so long, he is likely to be an adept in mixing them up on the counter.

Men are putting the house in order for the reception of Mr. Hutchinson. He means to have a board of trade reception room, where he can be at home to his friends in a style appropriate to his own importance. All yesterday morning he was superintending operations. So delighted was he with his new purchase that he could not keep away from it.

A NERVY ENGINEER

Opened the Throttle and Let Her Go in Spite of Train Robbers.

Hutchinson, Kas., Feb. 28.—An attempt was made last night to hold up the east-bound Santa Fe passenger train at the Rock Island crossing, one mile east of this city. A light was swung in front of the train and left in the middle of the track.

Engineer Neel, suspecting something wrong, opened the throttle and put on full speed. Word was sent to this city from Kent, and a posse was at once organized, and a thorough search of the vicinity instituted, but no trace of the men could be found.

WILL FIGHT TO A FINISH.

Leading Traders Are After the Anti-Option Bill.

Chicago, Feb. 28.—Leading traders from eleven commercial clubs held a secret meeting at the Chicago Board of Trade and passed resolutions last night, condemning the Hatch anti-option bill and Senator George's measure.

The bills were denounced as iniquitous and unjust, as class legislation, and as calculated to do great injury to the producing classes of the country. Several delegates will it is said, be sent to Washington, to fight the proposed legislation.

To Keep Out Diseased Cattle.

Cheyenne, Wyo., March 2.—Governor Osborne has issued a quarantine against the importation into Wyoming of all cattle from infected districts south of the 37th parallel of North latitude between February 15 and December 1, unless a clean bill of health can be shown. The proclamation excludes the counties of Wilbarger, Baylor, Brockenorton, Shackelford, Jones, Nolan and the north half of Pecos county, Texas.

Appointed an Adjutant General.

Topeka, Kas., March 1.—Governor Lewelling yesterday appointed Maj. A. J. Davis, of Rooks county, as adjutant general, vice Artz, resigned under charges. The new adjutant is an old soldier.

GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY DEAD.

His Home in Lynchburg, Virginia—His Career.

Lynchburg, Va., March 3.—Gen. Jubel A. Early passed away quietly last night in the presence of his family and physician and several intimate friends. He was aware of his approaching end early in the day. Before noon he called for the morning papers, as was his invariable custom, and attempted to read, but found that his sight was failing. Soon after he extended his hand to Senator Daniel and calmly said: "I want to tell you good-bye, major."

He then told his nephew, Caboll Early, farewell, after which he dropped into a quiet slumber. Later in the evening the dying veteran asked Senator Daniel not to leave the room, as he wanted to talk with him about certain arrangements, but from that time he suffered such intense pain that he did not revive the subject. He met death unflinchingly with his hand resting quietly in Senator Daniel's.

Jubal Anderson Early, who was in his 78th year, was a Virginian by birth. He was graduated at the United States Military Academy in 1837, appointed a lieutenant of artillery and assigned to duty at Fort Monroe, Va. He saw service in the Florida war in 1837-'8, and in the latter year resigned from the army and began the practice of law in Virginia. During the war with Mexico General Early served as major of a regiment of Virginia volunteers, and was also acting governor of Monterey in May and June, 1847. After the disbanding of the army he again returned to the practice of law. At the beginning of the civil war he entered the Confederate service as a colonel, commanded a brigade at Bull Run, and in the battle of Williamsburg, May 5, 1862, was mortally wounded according to first reports. He recovered, however, and was promoted to brigadier general.

On October 19, General Early surprised the national forces at Cedar Creek in the absence of General Sheridan, 20 miles away, but the Union cavalry general riding hard reached the scene, rallied his army and gained a decisive victory. General Early losing the greater part of his artillery and trains. In March, 1865, Early was totally routed by General Custer at Waynesboro, and a few day's later he was relieved by General Lee from the command in the valley, that general saying in his letter of March 30, 1865, "Your reverses in the valley, of which the public and the army judge chiefly by the results have, I fear, impaired your influence both with the people and the soldiers, and would greatly add to the difficulties which will under any circumstances attend our military operations in Southwest Virginia. While my own confidence in your ability, zeal and devotion to the cause is unimpaired, I have nevertheless felt that I could not oppose what seems to be the current opinion without injustice to your reputation and injury to the service."

After the close of the war General Early spent some time in Europe, and on his return resumed his practice of law in Richmond. He subsequently took up his residence in New Orleans, alternately with Lynchburg, Va., where with General Beauregard he became a manager of the Louisiana state lottery.

TRAIN ROBBERS FOILED.

The Engineer Went On Amid a Shower of Bullets.

St. Joseph, Mo., March 3.—Engineer James D. McKinney, of the Rock Island, saved his company a heavy loss in treasure and also escaped with his life by an exhibition of nerve last night. Passenger train No. 18, eastbound, Conductor J. A. Wisner, left the union depot at 7:50 p. m. Three miles east of this city and but half a mile from the place where the Rock Island was robbed two months ago is a deep cut. As the train glided into the cut, a red lantern flashed across the track near the middle of the cut, and torpedoes exploded under the wheels. McKinney looked a little beyond the lantern and saw several men with guns, and it instantly flashed through his mind that they were robbers. His train was nearly to standstill when he realized this fact, but he lost no time, and, seizing the throttle, pulled her wide open.

Then he and his fireman jumped down into the bottom of the cab and not a minute too soon, for when the robbers saw the move they fired a volley into the engine's cab, but luckily hurt no one. The train dashed through amid a perfect shower of bullets, the bandits wild with rage firing into the coaches as they passed, and creating consternation among the passengers, who crawled down under the seats and hid their valuables.

When the train reached Stockbridge it was found over 100 bullets had hit it. Messages were at once sent back to this city, and a force of police are scouring the country. There were four of the robbers in the party and they wore white masks, but none of them could be recognized.

ANNUAL DISTRIBUTION OF SEEDS

Has Been Discontinued for the Present Year.

Washington, March 3.—The annual distribution of seeds by the department of Agriculture in response to personal application has been discontinued for the present season, and hereafter distribution will be made at the direction of the Congressmen who still have certain quantities to their account. The department this year are provided for more than 9,000,000 packages of seeds, two-thirds of which are the quota for Congressmen only, one-third being sent out independently by the department.

The appropriation for the distribution of seeds for the present fiscal year is $135,400. Secretary Morton does not believe in the wholesale distribution of seeds, and he has submitted to Congress an estimate asking for but $35,000 for buying and distributing seeds for the coming fiscal year. This amount is for the purchase, propagation and distribution of "rare and improved seeds, bulbs, etc., for experimental purposes only," and for labor, transportation, etc., incidental to their distribution. The distribution is to be made by the secretary in his discretion as to the best means of carrying out the purpose of the appropriation.

He is to use the agricultural experiment stations to the extent he may think best as his agents without compensation in the propagation and distribution provided for. The matter has not come up in the House as yet, but when it does, it is bound to provoke the opposition of many Congressmen who are in favor of continuing the present system of seed distribution.

FROM THE LAKES TO THE PACIFIC

James J. Hill Will Build a Direct Line.

Duluth, Minn., March 2.—The announcement is made here that James J. Hill has completed arrangements in London by which he will be enabled to immediately carry out his long-contemplated plan of completing the branch of his system from Fosston to Duluth, a branch which is needed to give him a direct line from the head of lake navigation to the Pacific coast. The line will parallel the Mesaba & Northern to the range and then proceed directly west to Fosston.

The only obstacle will be the obtaining of rights of way across the Indian reservations. Bills giving this permission are already pending in Congress. The right of way into Duluth has been secured, and work will, it is said, be begun early in the spring. The move will compel the Canadian Pacific to extend the Duluth & Winnipeg to the West.

EAST LIVERPOOL POTTERIES

Will Start Their Plants at Once With New Men.

East Liverpool, O., Feb. 28.—The striking potters have been startled by the announcement that the pottery companies will start their plants at once. It is also understood that agents in the East started, on Monday, to engage workmen in the lines requiring the greatest skill in potting, and that notices have been given customers that operations would be resumed in full blast before April 1. The striking workmen profess confidence in their being master of the situation.

AFFAIRS AT NICARAGUA.

Possibility of Uncle Sam Becoming Involved in the Dispute.

Washington, March 3.—The report that the British warship Cleopatra has landed troops at Bluefields, Nicaragua, and interfered in the dispute between Nicaragua and Tecining, the Mosquito chief, is regarded with keen interest in Washington, although so far this government has taken no step beyond keeping informed of the progress of events through reports from Mr. Braida, the United States consul at San Juan Del Norte.

The point involved in the present dispute is not new, but because of the fact that Bluefields, only sixty miles distant from Greytown, the eastern terminus of the Nicaragua canal, occupies a location of great strategic importance toward that project, it may be that the United States will become involved in the dispute in the future. Certainly this is likely to be the case, if the British go beyond the point of asserting a protectorate, and seek to secure possession of the place. The latest official news received here from the United States consul at San Juan Del Norte is of date of February 6 and 10.

He reports that two hundred Nicaraguan soldiers were about to leave for Bluefields to overthrow the Mosquito government. This force occupied the town on February 10. The Mosquito chief lodged a protest with the British consul at San Juan Del Norte. Mr. Bigham and besought his assistance in recovering his rights. The United States consul says it is believed that the Nicaraguan government does not intend to incorporate the Mosquito country by force, but that an assembly of all the Indian chiefs will be called to choose a new council and municipal authorities.

The excitement was very great when the British government relinquished to Nicaragua and Honduras her protectorate over the Mosquito country by the traety of 1860; it was with a condition that the Mosquito Indians should be permitted to maintain their own government. Under the cover of this article the British in times past have intervened between the Indians and Nicaragua.

But the United States government has always insisted that the British had absolutely lost all claims to a protectorate, and that Nicaragua held absolute sovereignty over the Mosquito country. In recent years the native Mosquito population at Bluefields has practically disappeared, and the town has fallen into the hands of Jamaica negroes and other British subject, who have directed the government and established British forms of law. The Nicaraguan government has been desirous of asserting its sovereignty over the place, and it was probably an attempt of this kind that caused the landing of the British troops.

WORLD'S FAIR FINANCES'.

Statement Presented by Mr. Dockery to the House.

Washington, March 3.—The financial history of the World's Columbian Exposition is fully outlined in the report of the auditor to the board of directors, which was presented to the House yesterday by Representative Dockery, of the joint committee to investigate the expenditures of the fair.

Preliminary organization, $90,674, general and operating expenses, $7,443,563; construction expenditures, $18,562,528; post exposition expenses, $828,922; net assets, $1,522,834. Total, $28,448,524.

The other side of the sheet is:

Capital stock, $5,067,075; city of Chicago, $5,000,000; souvenir coins and premium on same, $2,446,676; gate receipts, $10,601,175; concession receipts, $3,794,406; interest, $68,09); general receipts, $807,450; post exposition receipts, $123,619. Total, $28,448,724.

From Net Assets.

From the net assets is to be deducted $97,992 net liabilities, leaving the balance of assets $1,424,841. The estimated liabilities on February 11, in detail, were: Obligations under contracts, $52,702; labor pay rolls for February, March and April, $75,000, salaries of officers and appointed men for the same time, $40,159; vouchers not audited, $20,524; city of Chicago, water rents, $20,000; live stock premiums, $14,468; claims, $50,000.

Miscellaneous items, exclusive of claims, in the hands of Solicitor General Walker for adjustment bring the total to $311,018.

The estimated salvage from the fair amounts to $175,000, from which is to be deducted sales amounting to $61,974, and probable collections from outstanding accounts amount to $100,000. The average daily receipts of the fair, exclusive of Sundays, were $89,802, and the average daily expense, exclusive of Sundays, $91,069.

GENERAL CLOSING OF MINES

Signalizes the Opening of March—Refuse a Reduction.

Cincinnati, March 1.—The first day of March is characterized in the Ohio coal mining district by a general closing of mines. In Jackson county 4,000 miners are shut out, and in other localities a similar condition exists. There have been efforts on the part of operators for some time to reduce wages, and there have been conferences and hitches for a long time between operators and miners. On Friday of last week a joint conference of operators and miners was held at Wellston, in Jackson county.

The operators had previously given notice that rates would be reduced in the Jackson-Wellston district to correspond with the rate set February 15 in the Hocking Valley district, which was 50 cents a ton, a reduction of 20 cents. At the conference the operators wanted the reduction to take effect immediately. The miners wanted it postponed until March 1, when the officers said they would recommend an acceptance of the reduction. Upon this rock they split, and upon that the mines were ordered closed.

As the Massillon miners are out already upon the refusal to accept the reduced basis, the operators feel that there is a combination among the miners to force all Ohio operators to pay more than is paid in Pennsylvania and Virginia mines. As they claim a contract to be guided by the Hocking Valley prices, they hold that the miners are violating a contract, and will not listen to any further proposition from them.

HON. LEVI P. MORTON

Likely to be the Next Governor of New York.

New York, March 2.—That Levi P. Morton, ex-Vice President of the United States, is willing to become the candidate of the Republican party for governor of this state is no longer a matter of doubt among certain politicians. Mr. Morton has been in Paris for some time, but he has friends in the party who are keeping close watch on political matters in this interest, and one of these friends recently sent a letter to Mr. Morton asking as to his candidacy.

The ex-Vice President wrote that in his opinion this was pre-eminently the time when the Republican party should take the best advantage of its opportunities should consider well who should be nominated as the candidate for the chief executive office of this state, and above all that a man should be nominated by the Republican state convention who would win. If the Republicans of the state believed that he was the man to nominate at this time, then he would willingly do whatever the party asked him to do. Those who have been informed of the existence of this letter are now satisfied that Mr. Morton is in the field as a candidate.

McKane in Prison.

Sing Sing, March 2.—John Y. McKane arrived at Sing Sing prison at 3:12 yesterday afternoon. The depot was packed with people curious to see the ex-boss of Gravesend.

McKane spent a sleepless night in his cell, and was one of the first men up when the gong sounded in his gallery. McKane anxiously inquired if there was any danger of the smallpox spreading. He was told no.

McKane brought a certificate from his physician, Dr. Hill, of Gravesend, stating that McKane was suffering from heart trouble, lung trouble and kidney disease.

EARL ROSEBERY, THE NEW PREMIER.

ATTORNEY HARPER GETS GAY.

Judge Jenkins Talks Back—Hearing of the Application.

Milwaukee, March 2.—Judge Jenkins to-day listened to arguments on the application of Chief Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Chief Sargent, of the Brotherhood of Firemen, and other labor leaders for a modification of the order issued by

PETER M. ARTHUR.

Judge Jenkins, prohibiting the employes of the Northern Pacific from entering upon a strike.

T. W. Harper, of Terre Haute, Ind., opened in behalf of the petition. The argument will last all day and probably to-morrow. The court room was crowded with labor people and their friends.

During his argument Mr. Harper had a hot set-to with the court. Judge Jenkins broke in on him at one time and asked him what he meant by the term "striking." Harper replied: "It is simply a quitting of work."

"No, sir," said the judge.

"Then what is a strike?" retorted Harper.

"It is quitting for the purpose of enforcing certain conditions," replied the judge. Harper could not agree with the judge, and did not seem to be very much awed by the dignity of the court, which usually keeps even the greatest attorneys very careful and courteous.

"But I am done with you," shouted Harper, shaking his fist at the judge. "I will show you a special act of Congress which gives the men the very rights which you have enjoined them from exercising."

Mr. Harper then resumed his argument.

Attorney Charles Quarles followed in an argument on the application of the federal law to the point at issue. Under the general construction of the language of the order the restrictions were very broad. It restrains the men from striking from any and all causes present and future, and it would not even let the chiefs of the railroad orders confer with the men.

"Will you please point out the clause which prohibits them from so conferring with the men?" asked Jenkins, who exhibited an unusual amount of feeling throughout the argument, and was frequently vehement in his remarks. Mr. Quarles then gave his definition of a strike and gave several references to sustain his definition.

The judge said there never was any intention to prevent the men from quitting. That was their legal right, and if they wanted to, they could stop work singly or in a body and go to Texas if they wished."

"That's all we want," shouted a man from the rear of the court room.

STARTING REED'S BOOM.

Manley Will Distribute a Half a Million Copies of His Speech.

Lewiston, Me., Feb. 28.—Chairman Joseph H. Manley, of the Republican state committee, has issued a letter to the leading Republicans throughout the state, announcing that the state committee desires to print and distribute 500,000 copies of Hon. Thomas B. Reed's speech on the tariff, recently delivered in the House of Representatives. The letter asks for 35 contributions for this object. The step is regarded as the first move in Congressman Reed's Presidential boom.

Another Unconstitutional Law.

Minneapolis, March 1.—Judge Smith last evening handed down a decision in a test case, declaring that a law passed at the session of the legislature, requiring all oleomargarine offered for sale to be tinted pink, is unconstitutional.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50 cent bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

FOREIGN.

THE BRITISH PREMIER INSISTS ON RETIRING.

The Official Announcement Creates Excitement, Even Though Everyone Knew What Was Coming.

London, March 1.—At 4 o'clock this afternoon Mr. Gladstone's secretary informed the Associated Press that the resignation of the premier cannot long be delayed. Continuing, Mr. Littlejohn said that at the audience which Mr. Gladstone had at Buckingham palace yesterday of the Queen, he referred to the increasing difficulty which he experienced, owing to his failing eyesight, deafness and age, and told her majesty that he could not long continue to bear the responsibilities of the premiership.

Mr. Gladstone entered the House of Commons at 3:30 p. m. to-day, and was loudly cheered.

Right Hon. Arthur Wellesley Peel put the question that the House of Lords' amendment to the local government bill be considered.

Mr. Gladstone then arose and addressed the house, speaking in a full, resonant voice, which occasionally was marred by a slight hoarseness.

During the course of his speech, the premier said that the government felt that this operation of sending and resending a bill from one house to another had continued long enough.

Mr. Gladstone then reviewed the action of the House of Lords in the past, and said:

"We have now reached an acute stage. It appears that the House of Lords desires to annihilate the whole work of the House of Commons.

"I regard to the present bill, the government desires to save something from the wreck, and, therefore, accept the amendments, but with the declaration that the differences between the houses is not of a temporary or casual nature.

pelled to say, cannot continue. (Loud and prolonged cheers.) The issue raised between the assembly elected by the voices of the people and the assembly occupied by many men of virtue and talents are of considerable variety. (Laughter.) When once raised, they must go on to the issue. (Cheers.)

"No doubt, there is a higher authority than the House of Commons; namely, the authority of the nation, by whom (cheers) which must in the last resort, decide. (Renewed cheers. Loud opposition cries of "At once.")

At the conclusion of Mr. Gladstone's remarks he asked the House to accept the House of Lords amendments to the bill.

The Scene Took Place in the Presence of the Cabinet—The Grand Old Man Declines a Peerage.

Windsor, March 3. It is unofficially announced that Premier Gladstone tendered his resignation at 3 o'clock this afternoon, and that her majesty has sent for Lord Rosebery.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone left Windsor at 3 o'clock this afternoon, on the same train as the returning cabinet ministers. The route from the castle to the railroad station was thronged with people, who heartily cheered Mr. Gladstone.

It is stated that Mr. Gladstone will shortly leave England for the continent, and that he will remain abroad until the end of spring.

After Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and the cabinet ministers had left Windsor, it became known that the Queen had sent her private secretary, the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, to London, summoning Lord Rosebery to Windsor castle. Dispatches received here later announced that Sir Henry Ponsonby, at 4 o'clock this afternoon, had delivered his message to Lord Rosebery, and that the latter was starting for Windsor. During the morning Mr. Gladstone attended divine service at St. George's chapel, Windsor. March 2.—The Rt. Hon. William E. Gladstone, prime minister, first lord of the treasury and lord privy seal, to give him his full title, on the eve of his retirement from office, arose early this morning and took a long walk in the grounds of Windsor castle, at which historical group of buildings he had been the guest of the queen over night.

The morning was fine and Mr. Gladstone, who was accompanied by General the Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Frederick Ponsonby, private secretary to her majesty, enjoyed his walk greatly. The premier looked in the best of health and was certainly in the best of spirits.

After his morning walk, Mr. Gladstone visited his old friend, the dean of Windsor, the Very Rev. Phillip Frank Eliot, D. D.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

Lord Rosebery Assumes the Duties of Prime Minister.

London, March 5.—The queen's speech proroguing parliament is purely formal, only 15 lines in length, and begins:

"Upon this occasion, when your labors have been unprecedented in amount and duration, I regret that your release from them will be little more than nominal."

The queen then thanks the commons for the supplies granted, and concludes with the remark that she anticipates lasting advantages from the laws enacted.

Queen Victoria, Princess Beatrice and ex-Empress Frederick, of Germany, arrived in London at about noon from Windsor and proceeded to Buckingham palace.

The cabinet situation is complicated by the death of Baron Tweedmouth, father of the Rt. Hon. Edward Majoribanks, the Liberal whip who may be made a cabinet minister, his name being prominently mentioned in connection with the office of secretary of state for India. This would add another peer to the cabinet, and still further enrage the Radicals, who have already declared their intention to upset the government should a peer be made premier. One of the sisters of the new Baron Tweedmouth is the Countess of Aberdeen, wife of the governor general of Canada.

It is said to be definitely settled that the Earl of Kimberly, secretary of state for India and lord president of the council, will become secretary of state for foreign affairs in succession to Lord Rosebery. The house of lords met at 1:30 p. m. to-day. There were many ladies present in the galleries.

The royal assent was given to the local government bill. The queen's speech was then read and the house adjourned.

When the speaker, the Rt. Hon. Arthur Wellesley Peel, and the members of the house of commons, were summoned to the house of lords in order to hear the queen's speech, Mr. Henry Labouchere and a few radicals remained behind.

Later, the queen's speech was also read in the house of commons and that body adjourned.

Lord Rosebery visited the queen this afternoon and kissed her hand on his appointment as premier. The new prime minister was cheered by a large crowd of people upon his arrival at and departure from Buckingham palace.

The St. James Gazette gives prominence to the report that a reunion is probable between Lord Roseberry and the Liberal Unionist leaders. It is understood that there is a possibility that the latter may come to some agreement with the new premier in regard to Ireland.

New Prime Minister.

The manner in which the queen announces the retirement of Mr. Gladstone to the people will prove interesting to Americans. It is contained in the court circular, and is written by a court official. Every word of this circular is generally submitted to the queen in advance. The announcement is dated Windsor Castle, March 3, and begins thus: "The queen, accompanied by her royal highness Princess Beatrice, drove out yesterday afternoon." Then follows a list of the arrivals at the castle, headed by the names of the children of the Duchess of Albany, Prince and Princess Henry, of Battenberg, the Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, American ambassador to the court of St. James, and the French ambassador, ending with the names of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. It then goes on to enumerate all those who attended her majesty's dinner party, wherein the names of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone come last. This is followed by the information that the queen and Princess Beatrice went out this morning, and then comes the fact that a cabinet council had been held. Finally, following the announcement anent the council, comes the announcement that the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone had an audience of the queen, and tendered his resignation, which was graciously accepted by her majesty.

It adds that the queen had summoned Earl Roseberry, K. G., secretary of state for foreign affairs, and offered him the post of prime minister vacated by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P., and that Roseberry has accepted her majesty's offer.

ROSEBERY TOOK POSSESSION.

Then He Went Home to Don His Sword and Plumage and Prepare for Her Majesty's Drawing Room.

London, March 6.—Lord Rosebery took formal possession this afternoon of the offices recently occupied by the Rt. Hon. William E. Gladstone as prime minister of England.

The new premier first visited the chancellor of the exchequer, the Rt. Hon. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, prime minister, and then passed into Mr. Gladstone's room where he was cordially greeted by the ex-premier as his successor.

Lord Rosebery afterwards drove to his residence in Berkeley Square in order to prepare for the queen's drawing room.

The Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Sir Henry James and others held a conference this morning in regard to the speech which the Duke of Devonshire is to make at Yeovil to-night. It is expected that he will make some reference to the reported negotiations between Lord Rosebery and the Liberal Unionist leaders with a view to the return of the dissentients to the Liberal party.

The Rt. Hon. George Shaw-Lefevre, M. P. for Central Bradford, formerly postmaster general and more recently first commissioner of works, has accepted the presidency of the local government board, in succession to the Rt. Hon. Henry Fowler, who succeeds the Earl of Kimberley as secretary of state for India, upon the latter's succession to Lord Rosebery as secretary of state for foreign affairs.

HE DECLINES A PEERAGE.

Mr. Gladstone Informally Tendered His Resignation to the Queen.

London, March 3.—Mr. Bayard, the United States ambassador, and Mrs. Bayard were among the guests who dined with the queen at Windsor castle last evening.

In his consultation with the queen Mr. Gladstone explained fully to her majesty the reasons for his retirement. The queen expressed her regrets that the country should lose his services and offered him a peerage. This Mr. Gladstone declined to accept. Mr. Gladstone recommended that Lord Rosebery be appointed as his successor.

SIGNOR PRUDENTE DE MORAES

Was Elected President of Brazil Thursday.

Rio Janeiro, March 2.—The elections took place to-day and passed off quietly. They were conducted in an entirely honest manner, neither soldiers nor police being present at the polls. Trouble had been expected, but none occurred.

No official returns have yet been received, but it seems almost certain that Senor Prudento De Moraes has been elected president, and Senor Victorino vice-president. Placards were posted last night, without authority, nominating President Peixoto for the vice-presidency. He received but few votes.

The elections were suspended in Para, Desterro and Rio Grande Du Sul, owing to the fact that these places are held by the insurgents.

Senor Moraes will assume the Presidential office on November 15. It is hoped that the result of the elections will bring the war to an end.

FIVE PER CENT DUTY ON IMPORTS

Will be Imposed by the Colonial Government of India.

Calcutta, March 2.—At the sitting yesterday of the vice-regal council, Finance Minister Westland stated that the government proposed to meet the deficit by a general five per cent ad valorem duty on imports, including silver in bulk, exempting cotton yarn and fabrics.

It was added by the Finance Minister that the duty on petroleum would be doubled, and that new imports would yield a revenue of 14,000,000 rupees.

TO SEND A SPECIAL COMMISSION.

Rumor That Uncle Sam Will Interfere in Armenian Affairs.

Constantinople, March 1.—It is rumored here that owing to the vexatious acts of the police in Armenia, the United States government has decided to send a special commission to Sivas in order to inquire into the grievances complained of.

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"NASBY LETTERS"

Since the death of Mr. D. R. Locke, five years ago, there has been a demand from all parts of the United States for a reprint of the "Nasby Letters," in book form, suitable for preservation. But few of these letters have ever been embodied in volumes, and those were the earlier numbers, written 25 or more years ago.

At a very great expense of time and money, we have collected all of the Nasby Letters ever written. This has been a huge task, as copies of these letters were never preserved except in files of the Toledo Blade, in whose columns they were published.

From them we have eliminated such letters as pertained to local or unimportant and forgotten topics—publishing, however, every number which is of interest to the general public. The entire collection makes one large volume of over 500 pages.

This volume therefore gives practically all of the "Nasby Letters" ever written and published in the Toledo Blade during the entire period from Mr. Locke's first connection with the paper until his death. It is set in plain, readable type, giving a large amount of matter on each page, and contains over 500 pages. There is matter enough in this book for a thousand pages, were it set in the ordinary type, like that used in "Nasby in Exile," but, owing to the immense amount in these letters, we have endeavored to make it very compact, and still have it in easily readable form.

As stated before, this is the first and only publication of the bulk of the Nasby Letters in book form. As this matter is all copyrighted, it never can be published by any one else.

Why This Book is Published.

Notwithstanding the enormous demand for this publication from all parts of the Union, from those who are not subscribers to the Weekly Blade as well as from those who are, we wish it distinctly understood that we are not publishing the book for sale or profit. We have determined never to sell a copy for cash, and never to any one, except in connection with the Weekly Blade.

The readers of the Toledo Blade are those who will best appreciate the volume, and we believe every one of them will want a copy. We are therefore determined to present one copy of this book to each and every subscriber to the Toledo Weekly Blade.

The Blade has a permanent subscription list far in excess of 100,000 copies. We estimate that there 125,000 people in the United States who are our regular subscribers year after year. We are quite sure that every one of these subscribers will want a copy of the "Nasby Letters." Then we estimate that 25,000 more will join The Blade's ranks for the purpose of obtaining a copy. Therefore we are making preparations to give away 150,000 copies.

Now, this book, if we were to retail it, could not be sold for less than one dollar, including payment of postage. The cost of setting in in type, making the stereotype plates, and otherwise getting it ready for the press, is quite a large sum, and we estimate that within one year from this announcement the entire cost of presenting these books to our subscribers will be, in each, $1.00.

Few people can realize the magnitude of this task, and owing to the rapidity with which we shall have to mail the books to our subscribers, we shall be obliged to deviate somewhat from our usual plan of receiving orders.

Here is Our Plan of Distribution.

First—The book will be presented to YEARLY subscribers to the Toledo Weekly Blade only. Every subscriber, on renewing his subscription, who sends us ONE DOLLAR, will have his term of subscription extended ONE YEAR, and he will have a copy of the "Nasby Letters" sent him by mail, postage paid.

Unlike all our former premium offers in connection with the Weekly Blade, we do not wish our subscribers to remit a long time in advance of the expiration of their present subscriptions. We want to take care of each month by itself. For instance:

A few weeks previous to expiration each subscriber will receive a postal card, which can be used, with one dollar for their renewal, will be a due-bill for a free copy of the book, the "Nasby Letters."

Owing to the large number of names whose terms will expire each month, we shall be unable to take care of any other orders excepting a renewal of the subscriptions expiring that month. For example, if your subscription expires in March or any month, we prefer that those whose time expires in later months should hold back their orders until their proper month.

Then, again, it is very important that each subscriber shall take advantage of the due-bill sent, and send in his renewal at the proper time—not getting the idea that he can be taken care of later.

These postal card due-bills will be sent out during the month previous, and renewals and remittances may be sent any time after receiving the due-bill, but take care and do not wait until your subscription has expired, or until the month in which the expiration occurs has gone by. One month later we will have all we can do to take care of that month's orders, without taking care of orders belonging to the previous month.

The "Nasby Letters."

Do not confuse this title with the book, "Nasby in Exile," which we have been giving for our subscribers for the past 15 months. "Nasby in Exile" is practically out of print.

The "Nasby Letters" is a NEW book, printed from our own plates, and we are printing and binding 500 to 1,000 copies daily.

Subscribers whose time expires in any given month will sent in their orders for renewals at least two weeks before their time is out and have their time extended at once on the Weekly Blade for one year. The books will be mailed just as soon as they are ready, and we shall take care to see that they are mailed on the same order as they are received.

Tell All Your Friends.

Will our subscribers please tell their friends of this offer? We feel quite certain that this announcement will obtain a large number of subscribers to the Weekly Blade from all parts of the country. Thousands of non-subscribers will willingly send $1 for The Blade a year, because they want the book. After reading The Blade a year they will become permanent subscribers. We ask as a favor that every present subscriber shall show this announcement to at least one friend or neighbor who does not take the Weekly Blade. Will you kindly do this much for us?

No matter when your subscription expires, you shall then have an opportunity to get one of these books. Therefore, wait until a week or two before your subscription expires, or until you receive a postal card due-bill. We shall try to take care of each month's orders in order, but it would be simply impossible to take care of orders from our subscribers at random. Therefore do not order until just before your time expires.

The remittance must always be one dollar, in fact current funds, for the Weekly Blade one year. Send checks on country banks, postage stamps, Money by draft on New York, Chicago, or Toledo, money order, express order, or currency by registered mail. Address

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Some of the Contents:

There are hundreds of the Nasby letters contained in this volume, embracing everything of importance in that line ever written by "Petroleum V. Nasby." Here are some of the features of the book, but only a few among the vast number:

How the Nasby Letters Came to be Written.
The First Nasby Letter.
Mr. Nasby Starts a Church.
A Confession of Faith.
Interview With President Lincoln.
The Wise Old Rat.
The Discontented Peasant.
His Change of Base in Kentucky.
A Kentucky Tea Party.
The Famous Series of Letters on President Joh

WASHINGTON.

SCORE ONE FOR BLAND.

His Silver Bill Passed by a Majority of 37.

Washington, March 2.—The Bland bill to coin the silver seigniorage passed the House yesterday afternoon by a vote of 167 to 130, a majority in favor of the bill of 37. The special order to bring the bill to a vote was adopted by a bare quorum immediately after the House convened. This broke the opposition of the filibusters, and they were powerless to do anything further to place an obstacle in the way of the bill. All the amendments offered to the measure by its opponents were defeated, the one which polled the most votes being Mr. Outhwaite's amendment to strike out the second section. An analysis of the vote by which the bill passed shows that 141 Democrats, 19 Republicans and 8 Populists (total 168) voted for it, and 79 Republicans and 50 Democrats (total 129) voted against it.

The following is the vote in detail on the final passage of the Bland seigniorage bill:

Yeas—Messrs. Abbott, Aitken, Alderson, Alexander, Arnold, Bailey, Baker (Kan.), Bankhead, Bell (Colo.), Bell (Tex.), Berry, Black (Ga.), Black (Ill.), Bland, Boatner, Boen, Bowers (Cala.), Branch, Breckenridge (Ark.), Breckenridge (Ky.), Bretz, Brookshire, Broderick, Brown, Bryan, Bunn, Bynum, Cabaniss, Camanetti, Cannon (Cala.), Caruth, Catchings, Clark (Mo.), Clarke (Ala.), Cobb (Ala.), Coimrell, Coffeen (Conn.), Cooper (Fla.), Cooper (Ind.), Cooper (Tex.), Cox, Crawford, Culberson, Curtis (Kan.), Davey, Davis, Dearmond, Denson, Dinsmore, Dockery, Donovan, Doolittle, Durborrow, Edmunds, Ellis (Ky.), Ellis (Ore.), Enloe, Eper, Fithian, Forman, Funston, Fyman, Geary, Goodnight, Gorman, Grady, Gresham, Hall (Mo.), Hammond, Hare, Hartman, Hatch, Heard, Henderson (N. C.), Hepburn, Hermann, Holman, Hooker (Miss.), Hudson, Hunter, Hutcheson, Jones, Kem, Kilgore, Kribbs, Kyle, Lacey, Lone, Latimer, Layton, Lester, Lisle, Livingston, Lucas, Maddox, Maguire, Mallory, Marsh, Marshall, Martin (Ind.), McCleary (Minn.), McCreary (Ky.), McCulloch, McDonald, McDearmon, McGann, McKelvey, McMillin, McNagny, McRae, Meredith, Money, Montgomery, Morgan, Moses, Murray, Neill, Newlands, Paschal, Patterson, Paynter, Pearson, Pence, Pendleton (Tex.), Pendleton (W. Va.), Pickler, Post, Price, Reilly, Richards (Ohio), Richardson (Mich.), Richardson (Tenn.), Ritchie, Robbins, Russell (Ga.), Sayers, Settle, Shell, Sibley, Sampson, Snodgrass, Springer, Stallings, Stockdale, Stone (Ky.), Strait, Swanson, Sweet, Talbert (S. C.), Tate, Taylor (Ind.), Terry, Tucker, Turner (Ga.), Turner (Va.), Turpin, Tyler, West, Weadock, Wheeler, (Ala.), White, Whiting, Williams (Ill.), Williams (Miss.), Wilson (Wash), Wise, Woodward—167.

Nays—Messrs. Adams (Ky.), Aldrich, Apsley, Babcock, Baker (N. H.), Barnes, Barwig, Belden, Belknap, Blair, Boutelle, Brickner, Brosius, Burrows, Cadmus, Caldwell, Campbell, Cannon (Ill.), Causey, Chickering, Clancy, Cobb (Mo.), Cogswell, Compton, Coombs, Cooper (Wis.), Conch, Cousins, Covert, Cummings, Curtis (N. Y.), Dalzell, Daniels, DeForest, Dingley, Dolliver, Draper, Dunphy, Erdman, Everett, Fielder, Fletcher, Funk, Gardner, Gear, Geissenhainer, Gillet (N. Y.), Goldzier, Griffin, Grout, Hager, Hainer, Haines, Harmer, Harter, Haugen, Hayes, Heiner, Henderson (Ill.), Hitt, Hooker (N. Y.), Hopkins (Ill.), Hopkins (Pa.), Hulick, Hull, Johnson (Ind.), Johnson (N. D.), Johnson (Ohio), Joy, Kiefer, Lapham, Lockwood, Loud, Loudenslager, Lynch, Magner, Mahon, McAleer, McCall, McEttrick, McKaig, McKeighn, Mercer, Meyer, Mutchler, O'Neill, Outhwaite, Page, Payne, Perkins, Phillips, Pigott, Quigg, Randall, Ray, Reed, Rybourn, Robinson (Pa.), Ryan, Schermerhorn, Scranton, Shaw, Sherman, Syckles, Somers, Sperry, Stephenson, Stevens, Stone (C. W.), Stone (W. A.), Strer, Strauss, Strode, Talbot (Md.), Towney, Tracey, Updegraff, Van Voorhis (Ohio), Wadsworth, Walker, Wanger, Warner, Waugh, Wells, Wever, Wheeler (Ill.), Wilson (Ohio), Woomer, Wright (Mass.).—130.

THE TARIFF SUB-COMMITTEE

Composed of Democratic Senators is Now Giving Hearings.

Washington, March 3.—The Democratic majority of the Senate committee on finance resumed its sitting this morning with the intention, as one of the members expressed it, of continuing the day's session until the bill should be perfected so far as the committee can perfect it.

The members of the committee say to-day that they have agreed upon some of the schedules, but decline to give out any figures, as any conclusions reached may be subsequently changed on account of the bearing that the rates in one schedule may have upon another. They still have in mind the idea of formulating what shall be in most respects a revenue bill. Some Senators who have been before the committee express the belief that their requests for higher rates of duties will be granted. Members of the committee have asserted that all the increases asked were granted, they would have more revenue than is necessary, to which opponents of the income tax have answered that this feature of the bill might be eliminated, but the majority of the committee will not assent to anything of the kind. The advocates of a duty on lead ore have been assured by members of the Senate finance committee that a duty of 1-4 of a cent per pound will be fixed on that article.

This is just half of the rate of the McKinley tariff. The Wilson bill made it practically free. It is stated upon the same authority that the provisions in the Wilson bill objectionable to the lead ore men, which lets in Mexican ore lead free when mixed with silver, and the ore is more valuable for silver than lead, will be stricken out. It is learned from the same source that lead products will remain as fixed by the House bill. Unless the committee should change its decision, coal and iron ore will be given a duty of 40 cents per ton. Prunes and currants will receive a duty of 1 1-2 cents per pound.

PUBLIC DEBT STATEMENT

Shows Interesting Facts About Public Government.

Washington, March 2.—The public debt statement issued yesterday shows that the net increase of the public debt during February was $40,064,215. The interest bearing debt amounted to $625,782,000, which is an increase of $40,831,910 during the month. The debt on which interest ceased since maturity decreased $13,610, and the debt bearing interest increased $1,385,-189. The cash balance shows an increase of $54,580,265. The interest-bearing debt is shown to have been $625,872,000; the debt on which interest has ceased since maturity, $1,871,020, and the debt bearing no interest, $379,-612,885, making a total of $1,007,356,015 of interest an non-interest bearing debt.

The certificates and treasury notes offset by an equal amount of cash in the treasury aggregated $60,909,907, a decrease for the month of $2,145,274.

The total cash on the treasury was $787,075,834, an increase of $49,955,681. Of the total cash in the treasury, $107,-029,805 was gold coin; $70,432 gold bars; $508,570,076 silver; $84,722,132 paper, and $16,320,828 in bonds, minor coin, etc.

The amount received on the new issue of bonds to date is $57,427,906.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

A bill introduced by Senator Brice, yesterday, compels the report on the manifests of coasting vessels on the great lakes of the loading or unloading of cargoes at intermediate points not shown in clearance papers.

The question of opening the Uintah and Uncompahgre reservations in Utah to settlement is under consideration by Acting Secretary of the Interior Sims. The amount of land involved is estimated at 4,000,000 acres, which are rich in valuable minerals, and there are 400,000 acres of asphaltum land.

The consul general at Cairo has informed the State department that the Khedive of Egypt has confirmed President Cleveland's nominations as members of the court of first instance of the International tribunal of Egypt. These are: Somerville P. Tuck, of Maryland, and Walker Fearn, of Illinois.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

Washington, Feb. 28.—Mr. Pence's speech of Monday, in which he struck right and left at his colleagues in the House, cut a prominent figure in yesterday's proceeding. Mr. Pence's reference to Mr. Hainer had been incorrectly reported, and rising to a question of privilege he took occasion to apologize for the personalities he had indulged in, but Mr. Cooper, of Indiana, was not satisfied and gave him a severe scoring.

Again yesterday Mr. Bland was unable to muster a quorum on his motion to close debate on the seigniorage bill, so he allowed the debate to run on without limit.

The Senate held another brief session in which nothing of importance was accomplished, and at 1:20 o'clock adjourned, after an executive session of half an hour, in order that the caucus might be continued.

Washington, March 1.—The deadlock in the House was broken yesterday after two weeks of continuous filibustering against the Bland seigniorage bill, and no sooner had the quorum been procured than the House managers brought in a special order to crush the filibusters and bring the bill to a direct vote after two hours of additional debate. Although Mr. Bland secured 184 votes, when the deadlock was broken, several Eastern Democrats, including Messrs. Cummings, Clancy and Magner of New York and Dunn of New Jersey, refusing to act longer with the filibusters. Messrs. Doolittle, Aiken, Ellis (Oregon) and Lacey, Republicans, stopped voting in the next vote and the previous question on the adoption of the order was only sustained by one more than a quorum.

When it came to adopt the special order, Messrs. Bowers, Lucas, Pickler (Republicans) and Dunn (Democrat) again joined the silent host and the quorum was lost, only 176 members responding to their names.

The Senate held a two hours' session yesterday, the whole of which was given to a speech by Senator Frye in opposition to President Cleveland's Hawaiian policy. After a short executive session the Senate adjourned.

Washington, March 2.—The long struggle in the House over the Bland bill for the coining of silver seigniorage and the silver bullion in the Treasury was ended yesterday by the passage of the bill by a vote of 167 to 130, a majority in favor of the bill of 37. The special order to bring the bill to a vote was adopted by a bare quorum immediately after the House convened. This broke the opposition of the filibusters and they were powerless to do anything further to place an obstacle in the way of the bill. All the amendments offered to the measure by its opponents were defeated, the one which polled the most votes being Mr. Outhwaite's amendment to strike out the second section. The bill as passed was in the nature of a substitute for the original text of the measure. The changes do not affect the material features of the bill.

A controversy which seemed imminent in the Senate yesterday, owing to Mr. Voorhees's resolution proposing that Mr. Mills of Texas be temporarily assigned to the committee on finance in the absence of Senator Vance, was dissipated by the withdrawal of the resolution at the request, indeed, at the demand of the Senator from Texas. After the morning business Mr. Frye concluded his speech on the Hawaiian testimony, after which the Senate took up the bill for the erection of a government printing office as unfinished business. This furnished Mr. Dolph a pretext for a speech on the tariff, which degenerated into a personal debate between Mr. Dolph and Mr. Allen (Populist, Neb.)

Washington, March 3.—The House yesterday entered upon the consideration of appropriation bills. The fortification bill, carrying something over $2,000,000, was passed in 25 minutes, and then the pension appropriation bill was taken up. This bill usually leads to a considerable display of political feeling, and yesterday was no exception. An altercation occurred between Mr. Meredith of Virginia, and Mr. Funk of Illinois, over the former's attempt to prove that there were many fraudulent pensions on the rolls, which almost resulted in a personal collision. Mr. Meredith was the aggressor, and rushed over to the place where Mr. Funk was standing and shook his fist in the lawyer's face. Hot words were spoken. But friends interfered, and the Speaker restored order before any blows were struck. The Senate was not in session.

March 5.—The pension appropriation bill was the only business of importance considered in the House on Saturday. The debate, as usual, was spirited. The Senate was not in session.

Washington, March 6.—The Senate held a short session yesterday, and but little business of importance was transacted. A brief debate on silver was precipitated by the intention expressed by the Vice-President to refer the Bland seigniorage bill, which has just been received from the House, to the finance committee.

Mr. Stewart, of Nevada, opposed this disposition of the bill, and asked that it be allowed to lie on the table subject to be called up at any time. This was finally ordered.

Mr. Stewart at the same time offered a free silver amendment to the bill. The only other event of interest was the offering by Mr. Morgan, of Alabama, of a resolution looking to the appointment of a tariff commission member, which he offered as an amendment to the tariff bill. A number of bills of minor importance were passed. The McGarrahan bill was taken from the calendar, but went over until to-morrow, on objection from Mr. Morrill.

An executive session of a little more than an hour was had, and a number of nominations confirmed.

The debate on the pension appropriation bill continued all day yesterday in the House, and at times considerable spirit was displayed. The principal speakers were Messrs. Dolliver, Hepburn, Enloe and Cannon.

SENATOR HILL'S RESOLUTION.

It Aims a Deadly Blow at the Income Tax.

Washington, March 6.—There was evidence, during the progress of routine business in the Senate this morning, of a purpose on the Republican side of the chamber to displace the tariff question with a silver discussion over the Bland seigniorage bill. There were but few Democratic Senators in the chamber when the Vice President's gavel fell.

Mr. Hill awakened interest by offering the following resolution, and asking its reference to the committee on Finance:

"Whereas, The secretary of the Treasury has announced a deficit of $78,000,000 for the current fiscal year; and

"Whereas, House bill No 4,864, known as the Wilson bill, proposes to discard $76,000,000 revenue from the present tariff taxation, and to meet the double deficiency by new internal and direct taxation; there

"Resolved, That the Senate Finance committee frame amendments to the said bill, omitting the said internal and direct taxes newly proposed, and instead thereof make provision for sufficient revenue by tariffing other foreign imports, and otherwise revising the tariff without creating a deficiency."

The silver storm cloud which had been lowering all the morning broke over the Senate when Mr. Harris, of Tennessee, moved the second reading of the Bland seigniorage bill. In doing so, he stated to the Senate, and especially to the Senator from Nevada (Mr. Stewart) that the latter was not a more earnest advocate of silver coinage than he. But he (Harris) believed that there was one question which should take precedence over this, and, without any breach of confidence, he could state that the Finance committee was on the verge of reporting the tariff bill to the Senate. He therefore objected to further proceedings on the seigniorage bill, and, under that objection, it would have to go to the calendar.

PENSION APPROPRIATION BILL

Will be Before the House for Several Days.

Washington, March 5.—There will be a lull in the House for several weeks after the excitement that has existed there since the holidays. It is the intention of the House managers to push the consideration of the appropriation bills to the exclusion of everything else during the coming week.

Two days, probably three, will be taken to complete the consideration of the pension appropriation bill, which has been under discussion for the past two days. After it is disposed of, the District of Columbia and consular and diplomatic bills will consume the balance of the week. When these are completed, the election cases will be taken up, and then the House will return to the other appropriation bills.

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Sharp, shooting pains, back ache, side ache, chest pains and palpitation relieved in ONE MINUTE by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the first and only pain-killing plaster. It restores *vital electricity*, and hence cures nervous pains and muscular weakness.

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DEMOCRATS OF THE HOUSE

Show Their True Sentiments on the Pension Question.

Washington, March 3.—The House yesterday went into committee of the whole for consideration of the pension appropriation bill. Mr. O'Neill, of Massachusetts, in charge of the measure, explained its provisions.

The bill carried for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1895, $14,519,350 less than the bill last year. The original estimate for the coming fiscal year was $162,000,000, but it had been revised and cut down later by Commissioner Lochren. Mr. O'Neill argued that while the appropriations for pensions might waver for a few years the maximum of pensions appropriations had been passed and hereafter there would be a material reduction in the amount needed for pensions. There were on the rolls in 1893 966,012 pensioners. The annual increase had been steadily declining. The first year after the act of 1890, 140,000 has been added to the roll, the second year 100,000, the third year 90,000. Mr. O'Neill took occasion in the course of his speech to defend the course of Commissioner Lochren. In reply to inquiries he said that he believed the amount carried by the bill would meet the demands for all just pensions.

About Fraudulent Pensions.

"Did I understand you to say that there were many fraudulent pensioners on the rolls?" asked Mr. Pickler.

"You did not understand me to say anything of the kind," replied Mr. O'Neill, sharply.

"Well, I say it," interposed Mr. Meredith (Dem. Va.), and I will give you proof in the morning.

Mr. Groate, of Vermont, followed with an assault on Commissioner Lochren's action in his wholesale suspension of pensioners. He concluded with a glowing tribute to the valor, bravery and patriotism of the Union veterans.

Mr. Meredith (Dem. Va.) made rather a sensational speech. He said that he protested against making the pension rolls a roll of dishonor, in the name of a state that had paid three times as much for pensions as Vermont.

"That's because there are more of you," suggested Mr. Groats.

"But we get no benefits," returned Mr. Meredith.

"That's because you were on the wrong side," suggested Mr. Johnson (Rep.).

"Whether a man is a patriot or a rebel," retorted Mr. Meredith, "depends upon the result. Success makes a patriot of him whom defeat makes a rebel of. That was the case in 1776."

Mr. Meredith went on to cite cases which he said made him believe that there were hundreds and thousands of fraudulent pensioners on the rolls. During the progress of his speech he denounced the Republicans for refusing to vote when the seigniorage bill was up.

Why Didn't You Count Us?

"Why did not you count us?" asked Mr. Reed.

"If they had put me in the chair," replied Mr. Meredith, "I would have administered to you your own medicine. I would have counted you." (Republican applause.)

"I am glad to find there is one man of some sense on that side," retorted Mr. Reed.

Later, in referring to some cases in his state of negro pensioners, Mr. Meredith said that only negroes got pensions in his county.

"That is because they are the only people who are loyal," said Mr. Baker.

"According to your idea of loyalty," replied Mr. Meredith, "there were no loyal men in my country and I am proud of it."

Glad He Was a Traitor.

Toward the end of Mr. Meredith's speech, a most exciting scene occurred which almost eventuated in a personal collision between him and Mr. Funk, of Illinois. Mr. Meredith was still talking about fraudulent pensions and was having an animated altercation with Mr. Baker, of New Hampshire, over a case which had come under his (Meredith's) personal observation, where a Union soldier was obtaining a pension for a disability which he (Meredith) claimed he did not have.

"If I can judge the fact, that man seems healthy and strong," said he, "and yet gets a pension by reason of a disability, when I see him, day by day, week by week, and year by year, in my plain, home-spun country way of speaking, I say that I believe that man lied when he went before the officials and swore that he had been crippled in the army."

"I want to say, if the gentleman is honest," interrupted Mr. Funk (Rep., Illinois), rising in his place, "and is stating what he believes to be true, that if he does not make that case known to the proper authorities, he is not a good citizen."

"I want to say this," returned Mr. Meredith, hotly, that if the gentleman undertakes to insinuate that I am dishonest—if the gentleman undertakes to——"

Without completing his sentence, Mr. Meredith left his place, to the right of the Speaker's chair, and hurried over to where Mr. Funk was standing, in a side aisle to the left.

"I did not say so," protested Mr. Funk, as Mr. Meredith advanced toward him in a threatening manner.

Meredith as a Bully.

"You had better not say so," returned Mr. Meredith, still advancing up the aisle.

A personal encounter was imminent. Members crowded down about the belligerents, amid the most intense excitement and confusion. They were both talking at the same time.

Finally Mr. Meredith clenched his fist and shook it under the nose of his adversary. By this time, Mr. Funk, who had previously displayed no feeling, shouted out something about standing by what he had said. Mr. Meredith again assumed a threatening posture, but the members who had crowded around gently took him by the shoulders, as if to prevent a blow from being struck.

"I undertake to say that you are not my keeper," shouted Mr. Meredith, as he was backed down the aisle by his friends.

"I stand by that proposition," shouted back Mr. Funk, who was held on one side by Mr. Doolittle and on the other by Mr. Payne, "either here or anywhere else."

Crisp in the Chair.

A few sharp raps of the Speaker's gavel produced a measure of quiet. The House recognized the hand of the presiding officer.

"The sergeant-at-arms will cause the gentlemen to be seated," said the Speaker in firm tones. "Every gentleman will be seated," he continued.

The assistant sergeant-at-arms rapidly cleared the aisles, and the members resumed their seats. The excitement quieted down.

Mr. Meredith walked back to his seat and sat down.

After order had been restored, Mr. Meredith arose and protested, amid laughter, that he was not excited, but that gentlemen could hardly do here what they might do elsewhere.

With this parting shot he closed his

TO EQUALIZE PENSIONS.

Petition to Make a Change in the Amount of Money Paid.

Washington, March 6.—Congressman Hopkins, of Illinois, filed a petition in the House yesterday, signed by 50 or 60 old soldiers of Aurora, Ills., asking Congress to equalize the pensions of Judge Long of Michigan, and Representative J. C. Black, of Illinois, by raising the pension of Judge Long to $100 per month and reducing Congressman Black's pension to $50 per month.

Mr. Hopkins explained that no reflection was intended upon Gen. Black's receiving a pension, but it was intended to make a protest on the Long case.

Amount of Gold Paid Out.

Washington, March 6.—The amount of gold paid out by the Treasury department during the month of February in the redemption of United States treasury notes, was $19,192,509, and the amount paid during the five days of the present month was $629,016. The total amount received at the Treasury department in payment of principal, premium and interest in new 1894 bonds is $58,265,512. The amount of net gold in the Treasury is slowly but regularly increasing. The figures at the close of business yesterday were $107,-205,879.

THE SENATE TARIFF COMMITTEE IS HAVING TROUBLE.

Satisfying the Importunities of Senators—Whisky and Sugar Are the Difficulties.

Washington, March 6.—The Wilson tariff bill was the subject of an earnest consultation among the senators yesterday.

It has reached a certain stage of completeness, and yet may be thrown out of gear by one single article. That article is sugar, and it is generally understood that if a definite agreement could be reached on this article it would then be possible to agree upon everything else, and that the bill could be reported without delay. It is understood that by mutual concessions and frequent consultations the demands made by those Democratic senators who opposed the bill in the form in which it was first presented have been met and tentatively agreed upon, but even these agreements are subject to the approval of the Treasury Department and the needs of the government in the matter of revenue.

Secretary Carlisle has been with the members of the committee most of the day, and met with them again this evening to discuss and compare changes. But, while these concessions have been made and the members of the finance committee and the objecting senators have found a middle ground, there yet remains the matter of sugar and the difficulties surrounding an agreement upon this are the greatest that the tariff makers have to contend with. The Louisiana senators have one plan which does not meet with favor by the refiners.

The plan of the refiners is objectionable to the Louisiana senators. A suggestion has been made that an ad valorem tax be laid and the refiners say this would afford them no protection. Some senators, looking toward concession, have said that if an ad valorem rate is not just to refiners a differential be made in their favor. This is stubbornly resisted by those that claim an ad valorem rate would afford them a just protection, as the higher price of the refined sugar would necessitate a greater tax when imported than the raw sugars. It appears also that the proposition for an increased tax on whisky is mixed up with the proposed duty on sugar.

If the latter is agreed to, the necessity for an increased whisky tax disappears. For this reason those who have been insisting upon increases in the whisky tax are not favorable to sugar tax.

THE SEALING REGULATIONS.

There Are Not Enough Boats to Patrol Bering Sea.

Washington, March 5.—It is a serious problem for the naval authorities to secure a sufficient number of vessels to carry out the agreement of the arbitrators respecting the patrol of the seal waters. The seal herds usually make their appearance off the coast of California about the first of May. They proceed northward, along the coast, feeding as they go, and in the course of time arrive at the Pribyloff islands, in Bering sea.

As soon as the herds are sighted off California, the sealing vessels begin to hunt them, and there is no relaxation of the chase day and night, until the weary animals reach the sixty-mile closed zone around the islands.

The slaughter is very heavy, particularly so when the seals are caught in the smooth waters in lee of the headlands on the upper coast, and though the take of skins is large, reaching a total of one hundred thousand last season, the slaughter is much greater, as only one of every two or three seals killed at sea is recovered, the others sinking rapidly.

So, to protect the seals adequately, it will be necessary for the naval revenue marine vessels to follow the herds, keeping the poachers at a safe distance, clear up to the sea islands. At present the only naval vessel available for the service at San Francisco is the Alert, now under repairs at Mare Island. The Yorktown arrived at San Francisco from Callao last night, and can be reckoned upon soon. No other vessels of the naval force can be made ready for service by May 1. It is the intention to bring some of the vessels of the fleet now at Rio around Cape Horn for this duty as soon as they can be spared from their present disagreeable post.

But it will take them so long to reach the seal waters, unless a start is made immediately, that they will not be of service at the opening of the season. And when they do get around at San Francisco it will be found that they are in need of repairs after their long exposure in tropical waters, before the vessels can venture on the Bering sea service. This will consume valuable time, and in addition the Navy department is much embarrassed to find money to defray the cost of repairs, in the present depleted condition of the limited appropriations made for such purposes.

Altogether, the scarcity of available ships is severely felt by the Navy department.

THE SENATE CALENDAR.

Measures Which Precede the Tariff Bill on the Docket.

Washington, March 5.—The Senate has made so little progress towards legislation during the past two or three weeks that the calendar has been changed only in a very slight degree, and the special orders made some time since except in the case of a few speeches, are still undisposed of. The printing bill, the Russian thistle bill, and the McGarrahan bill all hold their places, where they can be called up in order, but they are subject to displacement if any question of more general importance should be presented even though informally.

If the tariff bill should not be reported during the week, it is still likely to be referred to and speeches made upon it. It is the subject which is uppermost in the minds of all senators and is liable to appear in the unexpected in some shape. There probably will also be a few more speeches on the Hawaiian question. Senator Caffery has not yet made his speech on the subject, of which he gave notice some time since, and there are also other senators who probably will wish to be heard if opportunity offers. For the rest, if no other general subject should present itself, the Senate may be expected to take up the calendar and dispose of as many of the minor bills as possible.

THE AMERICAN FLOUR TRADE

Commented on by Our Consul at Belfast.

Washington, Feb. 28.—The United States consul at Belfast, Ireland, reporting upon the American flour trade with that section, points to a serious danger arising from a conviction that the American standards are depreciating. He cites complaints that the American millers are sacrificing quality to quantity in their new patents. Indian wheat promises to make a formidable opponent to the American staple, and it behooves American millers to keep up their standards to the highest point. There is also complaint that the flour is not properly packed, and is thus damaged. The consul also mentions great delays in receiving shipments, and suggests a federal statute to make the original carriers responsibility extend to the last carrier.

The consul at Liverpool makes a similar complaint as to the falling off of standards, and warns American millers against sending their goods on consignment instead of holding them until sales are effected.

THE PRESIDENT IS HOME.

The Party on the Violet Arrives This Afternoon.

Washington, March 5.—The President, Secrcary Gresham and Capt Evans arrived at the wharf here at 1:28 p. m., on their return home from their gunning trip in North Carolina waters.

The President looked remarkably well and vigorous, as did the other members of the party. Good luck evidently fell to the lot of the sportsmen, for there was a large collection of wild swan, geese and ducks on the Violet's deck.

Private Secretary Thurber met the party, and the President was driven direct to the White House.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!

To know that a single application of the CUTICURA REMEDIES will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep and point to a speedy and economical cure of torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning and scaly humors, and not to use them without a moment's delay is to fail in your duty. Cures made in childhood are speedy, economical and permanent.

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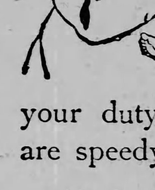

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THE NEWS FROM MAINE, AND HOW SHE WENT

Hell Bent for Governor Kent, and Tippecanoe and Tyler, Too"—Also for Thomas B. Reed.

Portland, Me., March 6.—Mayor Baxter (Republican), was returned with 1,200 majority over Charles Cushing (Democrat). Five out of the seven wards went Republican, and the Republicans also elected 16 out of 21 councilmen.

Towns of Cape Elizabeth, Gorham, Burton also went strongly Republican.

At Waterville, the Republicans elected their mayor by 296 majority and five out of seven aldermen. At Ellsworth, the latest returns give Higgins, Democrat, for mayor, two majority. Four of the five aldermen are Republicans.

At Saco, the Republicans carried all seven wards, and elected their mayor by 433 majority. At Kennebunkport and Old Orchard the Republicans elected the whole ticket. At Rockland, the election resulted in favor of the Republican candidate for mayor by 482 majority. Every officer elected is a Republican. At Hallowell the Republicans elected the mayor and three out of five aldermen. At Bath, James W. Wakefield, Republican, with six aldermen and seventeen councilmen was elected mayor yesterday, against Mayor John O. Shaw, Citizen. One Citizen alderman and four councilmen were elected.

At Deering, Mayor John F. Sawyer (Democrat), was re-elected mayor. The Republicans elected every other city official.

At Westbrook, the Republican mayor was elected by 191 majority. The Republicans carried every ward in the city.

THE AMERICAN WHEAT TRADE.

Suggestions Made by the Consuls of the United States.

Washington, March 6.—In reporting to the State department upon the prospects of enlarging the American wheat trade, the United States consul at Hong Kong, China, says that little can be done at that place, as the Chinese use the cheaper rice in preference to flour. He believes, however, that the opening to trade of new districts on the Yellow river and the reduction of duties at Canton, will result in some increase.

The consul at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, has no suggestions to offer, there being no duty on wheat or flour, and no obstacle to the extension of the trade, which is very important and long established. The sources of supply and prices are well known to dealers in Great Britain, and the only questions they consider are quality and cost of delivery.

The consul at Liege, Belgium, suggests the formation of agencies in cities of over 100,000 inhabitants, to push the trade. The Belgian millers admit the superiority of American grain, and but for its higher price it would control the market. As it is, although no effort has been made, the trade has increased in the last five years, at the rate of 10 per cent per annum.

The consul at Christiania, Norway, thinks that much might be done to increase trade with that country, if transportation thither be facilitated. Now American wheat is delivered at the pleasure of the railroads, is often two or three months on the road, and purchasers are driven to the use of German wheat.

THE ALLENTOWN HORROR.

Hope of Saving the Lives of Entombed Men is Gone.

Allentown, Pa., March 3.—Prichard, Bella, Balke and Nickulinec, the four entombed miners in O. T. Williams & Sons' slate quarry at Williamstown, are still buried in the tunnel, where the cave-in occurred. The rescuing party have reached a solid wall of rock, which they will have to blast through, and progress is necessarily very slow.

They are working in twelve gangs, each taking two hour shifts, and are laboring night and day. The rock between them and the entombed quarrymen is as solid as a wall, and although the opening is now 20 feet, there is no trace of the imprisoned men. The coroner's jury in the case of Samuel Kraitz brought in a verdict of accidental death. Rumley, who was taken out alive, but horribly crushed, died right away.

THE GOVERNOR'S POWER TESTED

To Remove the State Officers of Michigan.

Lansing, Mich., March 6.—The hearing in the matter of testing the governor's authority to remove the secretary of state, treasurer and state land commissioner from office began before the Supreme court to-day. It was agreed that there should be an argument of one and one-half hours on each side.

Fred A. Baker, counsel for respondent, attacked the right of the governor to remove under the constitution. He claimed that the act of canvassing votes was neither administrative nor executive, but wholly political and subject to review by the legislature and beyond the governor's jurisdiction.

GLASS MANUFACTURERS

Are Going to Washington to Protest Against the Tariff Bill.

Pittsburg, Feb. 28.—A party of glass men, composed of James A. Chambers, of Pittsburg; Messrs. Catlin, of Chicago; Loefler, of Pittsburg; Johnson, of Dunkirk; Vodine, of Philadelphia, and Swindell, of Baltimore, went to Washington last night, and will appear before the Senate to urge either the retention of existing duties or quick action on the tariff bill. Col. A. L. Conger, of Akron, O., will go to Washington to-day on a similar mission.

A LADY POLICE COMMISSIONER

Is Making Some Radical Changes at Leavenworth, Kas.

Leavenworth, Kan., March 6.—Mrs. Eva Blackman, Leavenworth's woman police commissioner, who recently caused the removal of all the bachelors from the police force, has now set in to rid the town of variety theaters.

Last evening she had official notices served on the proprietors of such places to close up and leave the city within 30 days. Mrs. Blackman's new movement may lead to an interesting legal contest.

END OF POPULIST-DEMOCRATIC ROW IN MISSISSIPPI.

W. P. Ratliffe Kills Three Men, Including a Democratic Member of the Legislature.

Truth.

Kosciusko, Miss., March 5.—This place was thrown into the greatest excitement about noon Saturday by a deadly encounter between W. P. Ratliffe, editor of the Alliance Vindicator, and S. A. Jackson, a leading business man of Kosciusko and the newly elected state representative from this county, in which the latter was killed. A bystander, Sam Russell, received a stray shot in the mouth, killing him instantly, and Will Sanders, another bystander, was shot through the thigh, and it is thought, will die. The two latter are young farmers living a few miles from town. It is thought both the latter received shots from Ratliffe's rifle pistol. The affair all grew out of a reply by Jackson, in the Kosciusko Star, denouncing Ratliffe in very emphatic language for publishing in his paper that he (Jackson) would be chosen at the meeting of the legislature for a Populist for United States Senator. Mr. Jackson leaves a wife, a most estimable lady, and four small children to mourn his loss.

HORRIBLE TALE FROM KENTUCKY

Of a Man Who Was Skinned Alive and Roasted.

Barboursville, Ky., March 2.—It is reported from Harlan county that Len Tye, the negro who murdered Miss Bryant near Williamsburg about a year ago, has recently visited Harlan county, where he kidnapped a farmer's daughter and kept her secreted in the woods for some time until a party of hunters found her. They waited for his return, when they caught and tied him, and proceeded to skin him alive, and before he was dead the girl built a fire on his head and he was roasted alive.

It is said he confessed to the murder of Miss Bryant, and that he had taken three other victims in Kentucky and Tennessee and kept them in the same manner he had the Harlem county girl until they died for want of shelter and protection.

PROF. WILSON'S CONDITION.

The Stricken Congressman Is Now Convalescent.

City of Mexico, March 2.—Congressman Wilson, who is ill at Guadalajara, is recovering satisfactorily and the typhoid attack of fever has left him. He now needs only nursing and rest. Doctor Mallet Prevost says that after ten to fourteen days convalescence Mr. Wilson can start home in his car.

Money, Crops, Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

General business is picking up. Clothing and other necessaries of life are wearing out, food is consumed, and they must be replaced. A revival of business after a period of depression always comes as is the case at present—in an increased retail demand for necessities, and these of the cheaper grades. The resumption of business is on a lower level of values than before, and the values of sales are less in proportion to their volume than was the case a year ago, while profits are of course scaled down. The people are beginning to purchase, but they have not the same ability to buy they have had previously.

All this is reflected in the financial condition. Saturday's New York bank statement showed an increase in surplus reserves for the week of $1,011,-400. This means that though business is slowly reviving, it is not requiring so much money as before, and that idle funds are still accumulating in the financial centers. The loan market last week presented no features of interest. Call loans averaged 1 per cent., and time money was unchanged; but a new feature appeared in the latter. Foreign bankers are now offering money for all the year at 3 1-2 to 4 per cent., stipulating for a gold note, with first-class security.

The stock market is hopefully awaiting the revival of business. The feeling is that better times are coming on the Stock Exchange. The revival of business has begun, and this means a gradual improvement in the business of railroads and industrial enterprises whose securities form the stocks operated in. The preparations on the Paris Bourse to list American securities is another hopeful factor. Again, the settlement of some of the large railroad receiverships will soon be reached, and thus a large mass of securities connected with these roads will be restored to their usual status on the market. All these conditions are the basis of the hopeful spirit which now dominates the stock market.

There was a slight rally in the silver market over the lowest point in its history, reached last week, but it was only fractional, and the market again declined, because of the advices from India that a 5 per cent. import duty will be imposed on silver bullion. This will reduce the price about 3 cents per ounce when it goes into effect. The price in New York on Saturday was 59 cents per ounce, which was equal to 45 5-8 cents as the value of the silver in the standard dollar, and corresponds to an actual ratio of 35 to 1, instead of the outworn one of 16 to 1.

WEATHER CROP CONDITIONS.

Review for the Month of February—General Conditions Good.

Washington, March 1.—The weather bureau in its review of weather crop conditions during the month of February says: The month of February was colder than usual throughout the entire country, except in Northeastern Florida and portions of Northern Minnesota and North Dakota, where about the normal temperature prevailed. In that portion of the country east of the Mississippi the mean temperature of the month was about three degrees more than usual for February, while from the Mississippi westward over the Rocky mountains and plateau regions the deficiency in temperature ranged from five to ten degrees. On the Pacific coast the deficiency for the month ranged from 3 to 6 degrees.

The first half of the month was warm in all districts east of the Rocky mountains, while the last half was colder than usual in all districts, the last week of the month giving temperatures decidedly below the normal from the plateau region eastward to the Atlantic coast, and this was attended by unusually heavy snows from New York and Southern New England southwestward to Northern Alabama and Central Georgia, the month closing with sn